

THIRTY CENTS

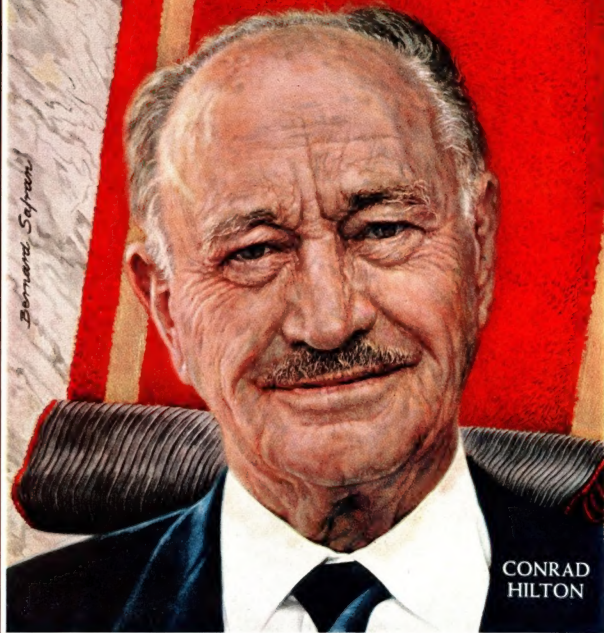
JULY 19, 1963

INNKEEPER TO THE WORLD

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Bernard Sapiro



CONRAD
HILTON

VOL. 82 NO. 3

50¢ U.S. POST OFFICE



LAKE MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA

Pipeline to Progress

How First National City helps the petroleum industry "bring in" new technological triumphs around the free world. From lubricants to fuel, petroleum consumption has soared to a record high. New wells, off-shore drilling, improved refining, bigger pipelines and tankers... all are moving out more oil than ever before. Over the world scene, experienced FNCB "petroleum bankers," economists and engineers are doing location work with representatives of oil companies. Our Petroleum Department knows oil from under the ground up! We're equipped to help the industry move its products from well to refinery to consumer. This is part of the picture of First National City's *total banking*. The whole picture embraces world-wide resources and trained specialists to fill every banking need for every kind of business—from petroleum to plastics.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

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FNCB Travellers Checks.
On sale at this sign.

First National City petroleum specialist and oil company engineer look over the facilities of typical modern refinery.



One of FNCB's London offices—strategically located in this important world center of the oil industry.



Oil company executives meet with Citibankers in Petroleum Department map room in New York.





TRW makes more valves for internal combustion engines than anyone else in the world.

TRW makes an electronic camera that can stop a beam of light.

TRW makes more jet engine components than any other manufacturer.

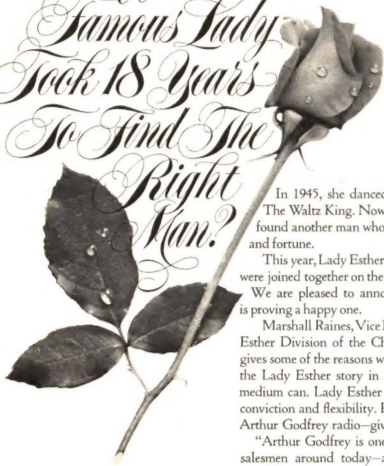
TRW is a corporation diversified in the fields of aerospace, automotive, electronics.

Offices and facilities in Cleveland, Los Angeles and major cities throughout the world.

TRW

THOMPSON RAMO WOOLDRIDGE INC.

What Famous Lady Took 18 Years To Find The Right Man?



In 1945, she danced her last waltz with The Waltz King. Now, after 18 years, she's found another man who can help her to fame and fortune.

This year, Lady Esther and Arthur Godfrey were joined together on the CBS Radio Network. We are pleased to announce that the union is proving a happy one.

Marshall Raines, Vice President of the Lady Esther Division of the Chemway Corporation, gives some of the reasons why: "Radio adapts to the Lady Esther story in a way that no other medium can. Lady Esther needs persuasiveness, conviction and flexibility. Radio—and especially Arthur Godfrey radio—gives this.

"Arthur Godfrey is one of the few personal salesmen around today—a man who can deliver a message to his audience, get action and get action fast."

A good man nowadays is hard to find. If you're looking for one who has a way with women, don't wait 18 years to find him. Just call on Arthur Godfrey.



The CBS Radio Network



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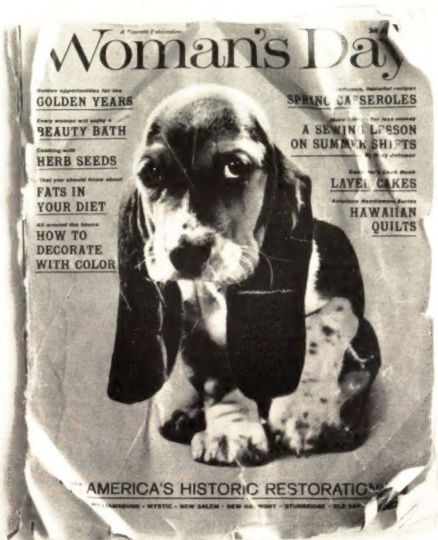
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Pass along? Who'd borrow it?

We've known for a long time that women use and re-use *Woman's Day*. We asked Roper to find out how much. His survey shows that *Woman's Day* is kept longer, clipped more, and gives its readers more ideas than other leading women's service magazines. Is this important? A quick look at Starch shows that *Woman's Day* has dominated the entire women's service field in ad readership scores for the past 10 years. But then we won't jump to conclusions about magazine use and ad readership. We hope you'll do that.

SOURCES: THE VALUE AND USE OF EDITORIAL CONTENT TO PRIMARY AND PASS-ALONG READERS OF FOUR MAJOR WOMEN'S MAGAZINES: GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, FAMILY CIRCLE, McCALL'S, WOMAN'S DAY—ROPER. STARCH CONSUMER ADORNMENTS REPORTS.

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*COMPARE GEICO RATES WITH BUREAU RATES

GEICO RATES IN NEW YORK STATE ARE 30% lower than Bureau Rates for the Collision and Comprehensive coverages and 20% for the Liability coverages. Bureau Rates are the rates for automobile insurance filed with State Insurance Departments by the National Bureau of Casualty

Underwriters and the National Automobile Underwriters Association for their member and subscribing companies, and Bureau companies using the Safe Driver Plan adjust these Bureau Rates upwards or downwards depending upon the driving record of the insured.

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GEICO DOES NOT USE THE "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"—However, most companies charging Bureau Rates do use the "Safe Driver Plan" in New York which requires that the rate established as the Bureau Rate be increased as much as 150% and reduced by only 10% depending upon the driving record

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Medical Payments.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
Comprehensive.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction
Uninsured Motorists.....	No reduction or increase.....	25% reduction
Towing and Labor.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction

(GEICO also gives you the usual additional savings in New York State of 10% for COMPACT CARS and 25% on additional cars when MORE-THAN-ONE-CAR is insured.)

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☐ Commissioned officer—NCO of top 5 pay grades
(NCO on active duty must be at least age 25 and, if in pay grade E-5 or E-6, must be married.)

Name _____ ☐ Male ☐ Single
☐ Female ☐ Married

Residence Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ County _____ State _____

Occupation (Rank if on active duty) _____ Age _____

Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Location of car if not at above address _____

Year	Make	Model	# Cyl.	Body Style	Purchase Date	<input type="checkbox"/> New Mo. Yr.	<input type="checkbox"/> Used
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My present policy expires Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Days per week auto driven to work? _____ One way distance is _____

Is car used in business other than to or from work? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Additional male operators under age 25 in household at present time: _____

Age	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use

for 29 years

Four issues of *The Bride's Magazine* have been enough to make our readers the best informed brides-to-be in the world!

Now, brides-to-be, advertisers, and we, the publishers—all need 6 issues annually!



This year there will be 1,600,000 marriages in the U.S. —1,900,000 in 1965— astronomical figures in terms of the multiplicity and immediacy of each new family's needs!

The Bride's Magazine, therefore will be published bi-monthly—6 issues per year, beginning with the Spring 1964 issue.

the
BRIDE'S
magazine

a Condé Nast Publication
60 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, July 18

The Twilight Zone (CBS, 9-10 p.m.) * Mystery of an American astronaut who loses contact with ground control for six hours while in orbit and finds things strangely unfamiliar when he returns. Repeat.

Saturday, July 20

P.G.A. Championship Golf Tournament (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). From DAC Country Club, Dallas.

Miss Universe Beauty Pageant (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). John Daly, Arlene Francis and Gene Rayburn act as hosts as Miss Universe 1963 is chosen in Miami Beach.

Sunday, July 21

P.G.A. Golf Tournament (CBS, 4:30-6 p.m.). Final rounds.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Part 2 of "Franco's Spain." Report on Spain's economic structure, the impact of U.S. aid and the role of the Roman Catholic Church. Repeat.

Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 2 of the life of Beethoven. Color. Repeat.

Sunday Night Movie (ABC, 8:30-10:30 p.m.). Spencer Tracy and Fredric March star in *Inherit the Wind*.

ABC News Close-up (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). ABC goes to Calhoun, Ky., home of the McLean County News, for the portrait of a country editor. Repeat.

Monday, July 22

Vacation Playhouse (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Ginger Rogers plays twin sisters involved with a fickle playboy in the premiere of a new summer series.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Report on racial problems in Birmingham, England. Color. Repeat.

Tuesday, July 23

United States-Russian Track Meet (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Fifth track meet between the two countries, video-taped from Lenin Stadium, Moscow.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Each week, more package shows cast off for the tour of tents and barns that makes up a large part of summer theater (TIME, June 28). Among the recent launchings and their scheduled ports of call between July 17 and Aug. 20:

Top Bonono shouldn't prove too slippery a skin for Milton Berle to zip himself into. Gaithersburg, Md.; Devon, Pa.; Hadonfield, N.J.; West Springfield, Mass.; Westbury, N.Y.

The Millionaire, Shaw's ode to free enterprise, stars Carol (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) Channing as the robber baroness. Westport, Conn.; Mineola, N.Y. (two weeks); Millburn, N.J. (two weeks).

Romonoff and Juliet, by Peter Ustinov, is a sort of nonmusical East-West Side Story—the lovers being kept apart by the cold war. Walter Slezak will bring them together. Nyack, N.Y.; Fayetteville, N.Y.; Miami (two weeks).

Night of the Iguana, Tennessee Williams' often moving drama about yet an-

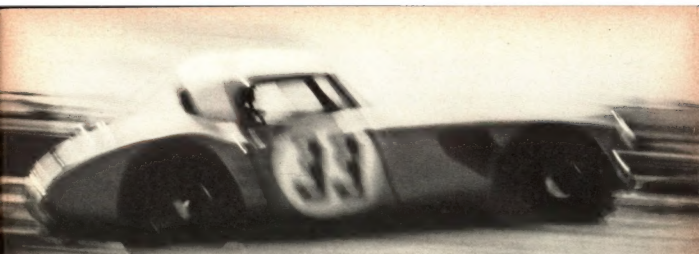
* All times E.D.T.

THIS IS WHERE YOU RACE TO FIND THE AUSTIN HEALEY

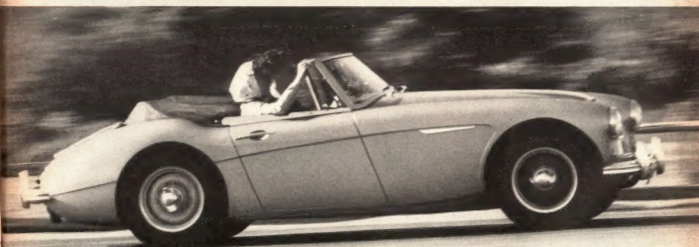
CONNECTICUT
BRIDGEPORT, Barker Motors
DANBURY, Bragg Motor Sales
FAIRFIELD, Harold & Son
FAIRMINGTON, Faiola Bros. Imported Cars
GREENWICH, Brandon Motors
HARTFORD, Pallotti & Poole
NEW HAVEN, Brandon Motors
NEW HAVEN, Gimbel Motors
NEWINGTON, Faiola Bros. Imported Cars
TORRINGTON, Cornelio Motor Sales
WALLINGFORD, Hurlbut Motor Co.
WATERBURY, Foreign Cars Exchange
WESTPORT, Westport Auto Sales

NEW JERSEY
ASBURY PARK, A & G Motors
ATLANTIC CITY, G & L Auto Sales
EAST ORANGE, Bekrag Auto Sales
EAST PATERSON, Steaker Industries
ELIZABETH, Edward K. Cumming & Co.
ENGLEWOOD, Kingsfield Motor Sales
FLEMINGTON, Dorf Equipment & Supply
FRANKLIN, Franklin Foreign Cars
GLASSBORO, Ed Roth & Son
HACKENSACK, Spreen's Motor Sales
HANOVER, S & R Imported Cars
HIGHLAND PARK, T & T Motors
MONTCLAIR, Imported Motor Car Co.
MORRISTOWN, Auto Imports of Morris Co.
NORTH PLAINFIELD, Francis Motors
PARAMUS, Paramount Motors
PASSAIC, City Motors
PENNS GROVE, Southard Ford
PRINCETON, Lahiere-Kane
RED BANK, Continental Cars
RIVERSIDE, Paul A. Canton
SCMERVEL, Hoagland's Garage
TENAFLY, Menzer Motors
TOMS RIVER, Ocean Imperial Motors
TRENTON, Hagy's Imported Cars
UPPER SADDLE RIVER, Centre Valley Motor
WILDOOD, Kindle Ford

NEW YORK
AMITYVILLE, Munn Motors Ltd.
BELLEROSE, Hegarty Motors
BLUE POINT, Suffolk County Chrysler
CATSKILL, Young Lincoln Mercury Sales
EAST MORICHES, Mark Osborn
ELMHURST, Dyer Motors
FLUSHING, Upper Flushing Garage
GREAT NECK, North Country Motors
GREENVALE, North Shore Sports Cars
HEMPSTEAD, Hempstead Auto Co.
HICKSVILLE, Imported Cars of Hicksville
HUNTINGTON, Black Motors
ISLIP, Raymond Foreign Sales
JAMAICA, E. Koeppl
JOHNSTOWN, Kingsboro Motor Sales
LATHAM, Nemeth Auto Co.
LAWRENCE, Century Motors
MAMARONECK, Bradford-Karl
MARYLAND, Morris Garage
MINEOLA, MV Motors, Ltd.
MOUNT KENO, Nye and Motors
NEW ROCHELLE, Seacord Bros.
NEW YORK, J. S. Inskip, Inc.
NEW YORK, Charles Kreisler
(BKLYN), European Motor Cars
(BRONX), Fair Trade
NORTH TARRYTOWN, Tappan Motors
OCEANSIDE, Elliott Auto Imports
OYSTER BAY, Oyster Bay Garage
PLATTSBURGH, Quinn Motor Sales
PORT JEFFERSON, Wells Oldsmobile
PORT WASHINGTON, Johnson Motor Co.
POUGHKEEPSIE, Mid-Hudson Cont. Motor
RIVERHEAD, Riverhead Motor Sales
ROSLYN, Imported Cars of Roslyn
SCHENECTADY, Robert F. Pump
STATEN ISLAND, Lewers' Sales & Service
SYRACUSE, Midtown Motor Imports
UTICA, G. & M. Motors
WHITE PLAINS, International Motor Sales
YONKERS, Palmer Motors
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Even if he's been flying with us for 15 years, he's still required—as are all AIR-INDIA pilots—to make regular check-outs in the flight simulator.

We're equally strict when it comes to training our stewards and our lovely sari-clad hostesses. They never get off the ground until they're thoroughly schooled in everything from squeezing a lemon-peel to lullabying an infant... and doing it with unflinching charm.

Call us fussy if you will—we still insist on giving our passengers more than mere routine efficiency. We'll go even further: we'll admit that every detail of our service is lovingly planned to spoil you for any other mode of travel.

This year, we'll be spoiling over 200,000 grateful passengers. Unless you're unbendingly Spartan, why not make it 200,001?



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other assortment of sick, sick people, played by a strong, though not star-studded, cast including Mark Richman, Vicki Cummings and Irene Dailey. Philadelphia; Latham, N.Y.

Irma la Douce ought to have a deuce of a time as two road companies vie with the current film version: Juliet Prowse will play it at Devon, Pa.; Haddonfield, N.J.; West Springfield, Mass.; Gaithersburg, Md. Genevieve will play it at Wallingford, Conn.; Framingham, Mass.; Warwick, R.I.; Warren, Ohio; Columbus.

Elsewhere, a gaggle of otherwise unemployed stars and near stars have shows but won't travel:

The Little Foxes, Lillian Hellman's real soured mayonnaise of a play about a very nasty woman, with Mercedes McCambridge. Indianapolis through July 28.

Rain, always a challenge to an actress who has to be bad-good and an actor who has to be good-bad, with Edie Adams and Ralph Meeker. Warren, Ohio, through July 28.

The Visit, Duerrenmatt's spectacular vehicle for Lynn Fontanne, this time being tried by Leora Dana. Olney, Md., through July 28.

The Little Hut was adapted by Nancy Mitford from the French play by André Roussin, somehow came out as much smut as hut. Gloria Grahame will star. Los Angeles through July 21.

A More Perfect Union is a new play by TV Writer Whitfield Cook about a Senator's widow flirting with the idea of running for her husband's seat in the Senate. Ginger Rogers has chosen it for this season's straw-hat venture. La Jolla Calif., through Aug. 3.

Hoy Fever, one of Noel Coward's first big sneezes, should be more than just a *Gesundheit* for Faye Emerson. Peter Pagan and Mitchell Erickson will also appear. Kennebunkport, Me., through July 20.

CINEMA

Call Me Bwana, Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg and Edie Adams on a spy chase through darkest Congo. Hope springs eternal, but Ekberg is a couple of jumps ahead of him.

My Name Is Ivan. This extraordinary Russian film tells the story of the tender relationship between twelve-year-old Ivan, who is a spy behind the Nazi lines, and the Russian army officers who respect his bravery but worry over his lost childhood. Director Tarkovsky not only dares to show the Soviet hero as an individual troubled with doubts and fears but, even more surprisingly, also uses Christian symbolism in a most un-Soviet fashion.

Murder at the Gallop. Dewlaps aflap, flanks armored in stoutest tweeds, Margaret Rutherford rides into battle against crime—murder most foul. As Agatha Christie's indomitable Miss Marple, she proves once again that she may well be the funniest woman alive.

8½. Cast as a director remarkably like Italian Director Federico Fellini (who in fact directed the film), Marcello Mastroianni cannot seem to get started on a new movie project. The Fellini-Mastroianni stream of consciousness lays bare the director's inner confusions and frustrations, includes dreams, snatches of vaudeville, a little sex and a lot of religion.

PT 109, Cliff Robertson, as Lieut. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy, eschews the J.F.K. mannerisms of speech and gesture, but nothing

The Magazine for Young Adults

REDBOOK



Five years ago we were last

Ever since Redbook became the Young Adult champion, it's been racing past one magazine after another in total advertising revenue. Over the past 5 years ('57-'62) alone, P.I.B. records show Redbook's ad revenue has nearly tripled and Redbook has gone out

in front of 16 fine magazines. That's growth. That's Redbook, thrilling a gallery of more than 3,750,000 loyal fans every month. Go ahead with Redbook.

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with enthusiasm and clear thinking that can be put to work for your investment program. Prior to joining A.G. Becker & Co. in 1958, Mr. Young served as a Naval Officer, graduated from Harvard Business School, and worked in the Production Department of an international specialty steel company.

This is a man who works hard to know the investment business, works closely with his clients, and is never satisfied with yesterday's accomplishments. He is typical of the many fine Registered Representatives at A.G. Becker & Co.

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else has been left out of this reverently made grade-B action picture about the President's wartime exploits.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Fly and the Fly Bottle, by Ved Mehta. A report from the high ivory tower occupied by Oxbridge philosophers and historians. The thin air is filled out by the author's gossipy patter and sure sense of extravagant anecdote about eccentric dons.

The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade, by Geoffrey Gorer. British Anthropologist Gorer makes De Sade seem more rake than sadist, but he makes clear why De Sade's writings were revived by existentialist thinkers.

Writers at Work: The Paris Review Interviews. A second absorbing volume produced by artful questioners who extract provocative ideas on art and life from Boris Pasternak, Ezra Pound, Katherine Anne Porter and other creators.

Loval, by Hubert Cole. The first full-length biography written in English of one of modern history's most maligned (and possibly malignant) figures falls far short of excellence, but is full of intimate detail.

Elizabeth Appleton, by John O'Hara. The prolific author's archetypal story—of a woman, her husband and her lover. This time it is set on the campus of a small college, and O'Hara snipes at the much-satirized world of academe.

Harry, the Rat with Women, by Jules Feiffer. Seeking love and finding oneself is a contradiction in terms, says Cartoonist-Author Feiffer, so his humor-magnetized hero is ruined by the love of a good woman.

The Coin of Carthage, by Bryher. An excellent miniature of great events set during the Punic Wars, of the kind only Bryher and Zoe Oldenbourg can write.

The Contrary Experience, by Herbert Read. Born in time to be chased through the entire 20th century, Sir Herbert has been a fine soldier, successful bureaucrat, brilliant critic, and in this memoir he comments on his complex life as one of the "alienated souls" who seek values without the support of religion.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Shoes of the Fisherman*, West (1, last week)
2. *Elizabeth Appleton*, O'Hara (3)
3. *The Glass-Blowers*, Du Maurier (2)
4. *Raise High the Roof Beam*, Sallinger (4)
5. *Grandmother and the Priests*, Caldwell (7)
6. *City of Night*, Rechy (6)
7. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (5)
8. *The Sand Pebbles*, McKenna (8)
9. *The Bedford Incident*, Rascovich
10. *Stacy Tower*, Walter

NONFICTION

1. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, Hopper (2)
2. *The Fire Next Time*, Baldwin (1)
3. *The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*, Lewis (5)
4. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (4)
5. *I Owe Russia \$1,200*, Hope (3)
6. *Terrible Swift Sword*, Catton (9)
7. *Portrait of Myself*, Bourke-White
8. *You Are Not the Target*, Huxley (10)
9. *The Living Sea*, Cousteau (8)
10. *The Great Hunger*, Woodham-Smith

Bud



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with investment ideas. In fact, Mr. Leveritt A. "Bud" Wallace, Vice President of A.G. Becker & Co. has earned the respect of many individual and large institutional clients alike during 17 years of diversified experience. Combining fundamental knowledge and a technical approach to the market, he is a man who is willing to work long and hard hours on behalf of his clients.

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UNIVERSAL-CYCLOPS STEEL CORPORATION CONTINUES CUSTOMER SERVICE DURING EMERGENCY!

Two weeks after a flash flood swept through their offices, Universal-Cyclops Steel Corporation wrote to RCA: "... an unexpected flood caused a serious condition in our Data Processing Center . . . considerable damage to computing equipment . . . substantial loss of historical information."

But, as they added: "Not only was a replacement computer made available to us in a surprisingly short period of time, but also many hours of personal effort were expended by

your people in helping us to protect records while the water was rising and in supplying general advice and help during the clean-up period.

"By your normal standards, we are probably a relatively small account. However, I doubt that the help and support rendered at this time of real need could have been greater or more unselfishly supplied, even if we were your most important customer."

As this letter points up, RCA gives you king-size service whatever the size of your account. Every customer is "most important" to RCA!

RCA ELECTRONIC DATA PROCESSING, CHERRY HILL, N. J.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

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Leonard Bernstein



11. *Let the Train, If I Had a Hammer, 12 in all*



213. *One Note Bossa, Melodie D'Amor, Dansters, 12 in all*



62. "Possibly greatest piano recording made." — *N.Y. Rev.*



79. *More inspiring song from world's best-loved choir*



225. "Not likely to be bettered." — *Hi Fi/Stereo Review*



3. *Also: Soile Baby, Sharing You, Rue to Him, Everyday, etc.*



73. "Attractive score...wonderfully sung." — *Am. Record Guide*



83. "Charming...enticing music." — *N.Y. Journal American*



14. *Also: Calcutta, Green Dolphins, Red River Rock, etc.*



93-94. *Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections) Stunning work by Mahler, Beethoven, Copland and Vaughan Williams*



93-94. *Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections) Stunning work by Mahler, Beethoven, Copland and Vaughan Williams*



Dave Brubeck



28. "A thoroughly inventive pianist." — *Am. Record Guide*



99. "Force impact and momentum." — *N.Y. World Telegram*



99. *Performance is "most beautiful." — The Atlantic*



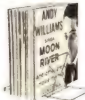
210. *"The orchestra plays with beautiful clarity." — N.Y. Times*



2. *Also: The Bossa Nova, La Le Limbo, Baby Come Back, etc.*



2. *Also: The Bossa Nova, La Le Limbo, Baby Come Back, etc.*



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21. *Delicado, Bala, Tico-Tico, Brazil, The Bandit, 7 more*



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157. "He makes Bach sing and dance for the Musical America



175. "Appealing tunes and rock r-manticism." — *Life*



223. "It's All in the Camp, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more



218. *Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc.*



218. *Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc.*



211. *Mock The Kuhn, Fascination, Ruby, Kamona, 12 in all*



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1. Love Is a Many Splendored Thing Tempted, 10 others	214. Secret Love It Could Happen to You, Misty, Tammy, etc.	45. Also: Same Like It Was Magnificent Seven, Smiley, etc.	231. "Singing and Carousing" Am. Rec. Guide	90. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos	121. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Rhapsody, etc.	212. Also: Solitude Interpretation, Ebb Tide, Beyond the Sea, etc.	177. "Brilliant performance" Musical Amer.	88. "His Chopin is uncommonly satisfying" -Phila. Inquirer
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163. A new recording with Barbara Cook and William Warfield	98. "A top-notch performance" -Am. Rec. Guide	101. Poodles From Neveve, Blue Moon, Moonlight, 9 more	232. Also: Twilight at O.K. Corral Rumors, etc.	158. "America's most celebrated organist!" -Newsweek	61. Also: Puffin' on the Ritz Isn't It a Lovely Day, etc.	133. "Delightful" shaking wit, superb singing -Esquire	23. Matzgens, Lady of Spain, My Romance, 9 more	143. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in the Fountain, etc.
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SVATLOSLAV RICHTER AT CARNEGIE HALL 10 Records	JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS 10 Records	BETHOVEN Symphony No. 2 10 Records	119. Sublime expression of the relation of man to his Maker.	75. Complete score of "another R&B work!" -Newsweek	184. "One of the 'true great artists' of our time" -Also Constitution	85. "A work of genius - colossal scale!" -High Fidelity	164. "A work of genius - colossal scale!" -High Fidelity	70. The Brubeck and I, Ebb Tide, Steppin' Lonesome, 12 in all
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LETTERS

The Force of Conscience

Sir: Cheers for your opener [July 12] on Dr. Eugene Carson Blake and friends in Baltimore.

This is the first evidence of real Christianity—a willingness to die on the Cross—that I've seen displayed by leaders of organized Christianity in this country in my lifetime. And I'm 63.

LEONARD WARE

Washington, D.C.

Sir: You failed to report our vigorous opposition to the flouting of the law by Dr. Blake. It is our contention that he is casting aside his Presbyterian creed and doctrine. Those who question Blake's action are not opponents of the Negro.

CARL MCINTIRE
President

International Council of Christian Churches
Collingswood, N.J.

Sir: It is no credit at all that representatives of the white clergy are now to be found in the front lines of the civil rights battle.

The issue of civil rights, which was spawned in political expediency, might never have become the political football that it has if churches of all faiths had thrown open their doors to integration 50 years or more ago. The clergy should toil in its own vineyard.

PAUL R. PARKER

Washington, D.C.

Sir: Clergymen have demonstrated that no man can be a Catholic, a Protestant or a Jew and at the same time permit discrimination because of race. This is the real significance of the demonstration. In the past week, there have been similar demonstrations at Gwynn Oak, and others are planned. They will continue, I hope, until all Baltimoreans, Marylanders, and Americans realize that racial discrimination is a matter of conscience, not simply politics.

JOHN F. BAESCH

Baltimore

Civil Rights Package

Sir: The current crisis in the civil rights field [July 12] is partly due to the fact that for the first two years it was in effect, this Administration abandoned its moral

principles in order to salvage Southern support for its legislative program. No doubt substantial civil rights legislation is needed from this Congress, but the public-accommodations section is a particularly sensitive issue to both sides, and the Kennedy Administration should stop playing partisan politics with it.

WILLIAM J. GRAHAM JR.

Arlington, Mass.

Sir: Mr. Robert Kennedy defends the forced integration of public accommodations on the grounds that it is morally right, yet

millions who believe that mixing of the races is morally wrong will not accept that the office of Attorney General confers the authority to establish morals.

MAURICE R. WINGO, M.D.

Pass Christian, Miss.

Sir: If the "public-accommodations" section (Title II) of the Administration's civil rights bill is passed, Southern restaurants and hotels predictably will form numerous clubs and associations admitting patrons by membership card only.

LEE B. JAMISON

Laguna Beach, Calif.

Philosopher Buber

Sir: I would like to commend you for your article [July 12] on Martin Buber. I feel that your words on the subtly profound philosophy of Buber, indicating that his life's thought might have a definite, here-and-now influence on the chances of Homo sapiens' continuing existence this side of holocaust, were complete, lucid, and maybe even eloquent.

ROBERT E. EPSTEIN

New York City

Sir: Your article on Martin Buber was very illuminating. As a Jew who is fiercely proud of the state of Israel, I nevertheless cannot understand how any group within

or without Judaism could be "shocked" that Buber has devoted great efforts to the improvement of Arab-Israeli relations. This historic and emotional enmity undermines real progress in the Middle East; only if and when this poison is made innocuous can the Arab nations devote their energies to what is really important.

AUDREY SPATZ

New Rochelle, N.Y.

The Old B-23

Sir: Are you sure that Tycoon George Love [July 5] lumbars around the countryside in an antique Douglas B-23? If so, he possesses a rarity, as only 37 or 38

JACK MOORE



were built in 1939-40. Top speed was a blistering 280 m.p.h. at 12,000 ft.

ARTHUR WYNN

Willowdale, Ont.

► For a look at Tycoon Love's rare bird, a genuine B-23, see cut.—Ed.

Ireland

Sir: The July 12 issue featuring Ireland is absolutely magnificent. The map, pictures and text are worthy of being treasured as a fine book, which I intend to do.

JOSEPH STONE

Cincinnati

Sir: Relative to your fine article on Ireland, and with particular reference to the observation on Ireland's low suicide rate, allow me to suggest that a violent taking of one's life is unnatural and un-Irish; there being a perfectly natural, God-fearing way through women and whisky, and hard work.

WILLIAM H. KENNEDY

New York City

Sir: I refer to the statement in TIME, issue of June 7, to the effect that President Kennedy is the first U.S. President of 100% Irish descent.

Is it not true that both the parents of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States, were born at a village near Carrickfergus, in Ireland?

JOHN HENDRICK

London

► That they were, and both from County Antrim, settled by Protestant Scots during the reign of Elizabeth I. On June 22, 1833, Jackson declared to Boston's Charitable Irish Society: "I have always been proud of my ancestry and of being descended from that noble race, and rejoice that I am so nearly allied to a country which has so much to recommend it . . ."

—Ed.

Sir: Enjoyed your article with excellent illustrations, though I took exception to some of the well-written material. I think that you could have omitted the leprechaun from the otherwise fine cover.

Was there any significance, or were you being a little naughty with the publishing

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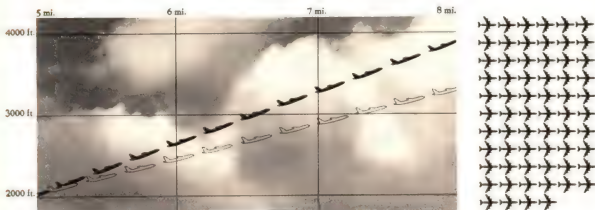
The American Airlines fan-jet story.

The first 707s [and DC-8s] took over a mile to take off.

And many of them still do.

But not American's.

In 1961, American Airlines introduced a new engine called the fan-jet—with 30% more power than ordinary jets. So much



Here is the difference between the climb of a fan-jet and an ordinary jet. (And this is only for 4,000 feet. Jets fly at 30,000.)

(Right) American Airlines' complete jet fleet: 64 in all—and every one a fan-jet.

power that the plane itself had to be changed. This was the birth of our Astrojet.

The Astrojet takes off in $\frac{1}{3}$ less runway, climbs 30% faster, flies more quietly, and uses the extra fan-jet power to help get you in on time.

By 1962, we had fan-jets on every jet in our fleet. No other transcontinental airline has such a fleet, even today. Although many are changing to fan-jets now.

We have 64 of these planes. The next airline has 23.

Nice thing to remember if you're taking a trip.

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of materials and construction, a true liquid center and a live resilient cover: these are the ingredients for

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the overwhelming favorite of professionals and top amateurs in every major tournament this year.

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date of July 12 for the article, which coincides with Orangemen's Day?

WILLIAM J. MCENERY
National Vice President
Ancient Order of Hibernians in America
Providence

► And did you notice the color of that leprechaun's hat?—Ed.

Shriver's Peace Corps

Sir:

Your cover story [July 5] was a constructive effort to assess both the progress and the problems of the Peace Corps. I am sure it will help the public to understand the Peace Corps for what it is: tough-minded Americans who combine idealism and pragmatism to help the world's developing nations.

Almost 5,000 men and women, most of them single, have already gone abroad in the Peace Corps, and less than one-half of 1% have had to be returned for indiscreet personal behavior. (The official and volunteer mentioned in the hawdyhouse episode were both dropped from the Peace Corps, for example, long before your article was written.) Only one incident has actually been embarrassing, and that, as the whole world knows, involved a postcard, not promiscuity.

The record of all but a few, however, is one of which their parents, friends and fellow citizens can be justly proud.

BILL MOYERS
Deputy Director
Peace Corps
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

First off, let me say your article on the Peace Corps director, Sarge Shriver, was wonderful reading. However, your information about Shriver's war experience is sketchy. He was on the battleship *South Dakota* with me from commissioning in March 1942 until I left her in February 1944. He was assigned to the antiaircraft weapons with an exposed (topside) battle station. We never took the time to label heroes, but if we had, Sarge would have been high on the list. If he ever qualified in submarines, it must have been very late in the war.

W. O. BACKUS
Cdr., U.S.N. (ret.)

Carthage, N.Y.

Sir:

Isn't it true that the Peace Corps is a mere offshoot of the International Voluntary Services, Inc., which was started during the Eisenhower Administration? In fact, in 1953 John Foster Dulles started things rolling with an appeal for the same type of dedicated personnel that churches were sending overseas. These were not necessarily religious people but people dedicated to helping their fellow men; people who would live alongside those they hoped to help and teach the fundamentals of agriculture, with sanitation methods and community development thrown in for good measure.

HELEN GARDNER
Opportunity, Wash.

► The IVS is among the many precursors of the Peace Corps, the roots of which go back through a century of missionary activity. Tom Duoley's MEDICO, the Experiment in International Living, and Britain's Voluntary Service Overseas. The privately supported IVS has 170 workers in Laos, Cambodia, Viet Nam, Liberia, Jordan, and a new group headed for Algeria, which will bring its roster to 200.—Ed.

Boyer in Algeria

Sir:

In addition to reading about Dr. Byron E. Boyer's work with the temporary plastic covering for burn cases [July 5], your readers may also be interested to know that Dr. Boyer contributed his services during the month of March of this year to work with our MEDICO emergency medical team in Algeria.

PAUL SPRAY, M.D.
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Harry Isn't Kidding

Sir:

You have made a liar out of your correspondent, who assured me that your story [July 5] would be serious. With you, betrayal takes the form of poor reporting and little-girl nastiness, poorly written. The word proverb is first misused, then tossed into a centrifuge of verbal idiocy. The sum total of an eleven-hour interview is as follows: my father was an atheist.

HARRY PARTCH
Petaluma, Calif.

Sir:

Since Harry Partch apparently thrives on being misunderstood, it will no doubt annoy him to learn that there are many who do like his music.

The "imperfections in his instruments" do not seem like such in the context of his really important scores—*Revelation in the Courthouse Park*, *Oedipus*, *The Bewitched*—rather than those *TIME* cited.

DAVID WARD-STEINMAN
Assistant Professor of Music
San Diego State College
San Diego

Automation

Sir:

In your July 5 issue you state, "Management Consultant John Diebold invented the very word automation." According to our best information, the word automation was first used by Mr. Del Harder, now retired but formerly vice president, manufacturing, of the Ford Motor Co. Mr. Harder is credited with coining the word automation to describe the way Ford was manufacturing automatically.

PAUL F. COWIE
President

American Machinist
Metalworking Manufacturing
New York City

► While writing a Harvard report in 1951, Diebold decided to simplify automatization into automation, thereby coining his own word, but he learned later that the word was actually first used by Ford's Harder.—Ed.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: *TIME* & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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ONE way to see the world is to follow Conrad Hilton about. This is what Andy Kopkind of our Los Angeles bureau has been doing in recent weeks: interviewing his subject on planes, watching him delightedly go through the inevitable ceremonies—"topping off" in Montreal, hotel openings in London and Rotterdam, ground-breakings in Brussels and Paris—and discovering the precarious world of the newly built. At the London Hilton, Kopkind suffered through a 15-minute elevator ride with Hilton, while the elevator stopped at 25 floors. Something had gone wrong with the mechanism, and the star of the show—the elevator had a mind of its own. Hilton was unperturbed; the elevator boy was in tears.

Everett Martin, who wrote the cover story, also had files from correspondents in 32 places around the world to work from, so that this globe-circling hotel empire could be seen in the round. Martin himself spent the summer of 1946 working in Hilton's Palmer House in Chicago, and once mistakenly sent a letter from the girl friend of a hotel executive to one of the guests. When Hilton came through town, Martin was forbidden to touch the mail. A sound executive decision, Martin now agrees.

This is Conrad Hilton's second appearance on TIME's cover. Characteristically, he keeps a copy of the first story (Dec. 12, 1949), framed

page by page under glass, in his Southern California home.

WERE not quite sure what TIME's affinity with Ireland is based on—perhaps it is the fact that though our language is English, we are not. At any rate, TIME's Atlantic Edition has many readers in Ireland per capita than anywhere else in Europe. Last week's cover story on Prime Minister Lemass quickly replaced Kennedy's visit as a subject of Irish conversation. News dealers in Dublin and Cork had to put copies under the counter for their regulars, though thousands of extra copies were rushed over from London. It was a great day for the Irish—so much so that when the leader of the parliamentary opposition, whose name was unfortunately not mentioned in the story, took to the floor to accuse the government of being too euphoric about being written up in TIME, the Finance Minister, Dr. James Ryan, answered him: "You are as low as any man can get, talking about a thing like that."

It would not be Ireland if there were no contention, and disputed judgments. So we rather like the measured praise of the Dublin Evening Herald: "It must be admitted that, except for a rather small dose of shamrockery, which foreign writers on Ireland like to disport themselves with, this is a comparatively objective article—often coming refreshingly close to sensitiveness."

1. 1994年12月31日



KOPKIND & HILTON

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SNAP-8: SOLVING THE UTILITIES PROBLEM IN SPACE

For a man in space, electricity is literally the difference between life and death.

It is the source of light, heat, cooling; the power behind communications and navigational equipment; the energy for all the systems that support life in space.

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SNAP-8 converts nuclear energy into electrical energy by a turbine generator similar to your local electric plant. Its output is 35 kilowatts—enough power to supply the average requirements of ten U. S. homes. Started automatically in space, the compact system will be

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my lesson
a long time ago."

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

July 19, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 3

THE NATION

LABOR

Toward the End of the Line

After years of arguments, after numerous postponements, after reports by presidential panels and decisions by U.S. courts, the great battle of the railroads highballs this week toward the end of the line. Last week's postponement, agreed to at the crisis request of the President, will almost certainly be the last. Now all parties involved in the struggle are under pressure: the railroad

a full day's pay for 100 miles of travel, with the result that an engineer on a fast express may get \$39.95 for four hours' work while his counterpart on a slow freight may get \$34.33 for ten hours.

The railroads charge that the work rules add up to "featherbedding," impose extra costs of \$600 million a year. The companies want to revise the rules, gradually unload 65,000 workers, mainly firemen, and switch to a more realistic wage basis. The five operating unions say they will strike the moment the rail-

Last week, as the deadline neared, it had become abundantly clear that the postponement had not brought the two sides any closer to agreement. J. E. ("Doc") Wolfe, chief negotiator for all of the 195 companies involved, said at a press conference that the unions were still trying hard to "blackjack" the railroads into an agreement. H. E. ("Ed") Gilbert, president of the 80,000-member A.F.L.-C.I.O. Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, declared in a speech that

ALTER DENNIS



THE LABOR LEADERS*



THE MANAGEMENT MEN

companies, the five operating railroad unions, all the other workers who would be kept off the job by a nationwide railroad strike, all the business enterprises whose operations would soon be hindered or halted, the President, the Congress, and the U.S. public. This time the long-fought and far-reaching dispute, bound up in the process of moving an old method of transport into modern methods, must come to some kind of resolution.

Four Is More than Ten. At the core of the dispute are the "work rules" that the operating rail unions got from management in the course of three generations of strikes, strike threats and negotiations. Technology has outmoded many of the rules. Firemen used to shovel coal on steam locomotives; on today's diesels a fireman still rides along in the cab, doing no necessary work. The pay scale of many railroad workers is based on the quaint rule that a man gets

roads put their proposed new rules into effect.

"To the Brink." The unions involved often make it sound as if the railroads' determination to revise the work rules were capricious and tyrannical. In fact, the work rule changes are similar to those recommended by a presidential commission and approved by another presidential panel (see box following page). And management's right to change the rules has been upheld in the federal courts. Against that weight of neutral and expert opinion, the unions have wielded only one really persuasive argument—the threat to strike if the companies do what the U.S. Government has repeatedly said they have reasons and the right to do.

In mid-June, President Kennedy called representatives of the two sides to the White House and warned that "the whole future of free collective bargaining" was at stake. Kennedy asked the management men to agree to another postponement of the deadline for putting the new rules into effect. Reluctantly, the railroads shifted from June 18 to 12:01 a.m. July 11.

"management's attitude of 'no bargaining' has brought the collective bargaining process in our industry to the brink of destruction."

Surprise Proposal. With the deadline crowding in upon him, the President had just two ultimate alternatives, both unpleasant, and both requiring hard-to-get congressional approval: seize the railroads or impose compulsory arbitration. He felt that seizure would inflict a gross injustice upon the railroad companies, which had accepted every Government proposal advanced during the four years of the dispute. But Kennedy was also aware that compulsory arbitration—which would almost certainly result in an affirmation of management's position—would offend organized labor, and he did not want to take the political risks.

In the hopes of avoiding both of these alternatives, Kennedy put forward a surprising and dubious proposal. He

* Union Chiefs: Charles Luna (Railroad Trainmen), H. E. Gilbert, Roy E. Davidson, Neil P. Speirs (Switchmen), Louis J. Wagner (Conductors and Brakemen)

—E. H. Hallmann (representing Western Carriers), J. E. Wolfe, John J. Gaherin (Eastern Railways Conference), C. A. McRee (Southeastern Carriers Conference).



WIRTZ



SAUNDERS



LEIGHTY



BLOCK



MEANY



HODGES

Panels and courts have spoken.

urged the two sides to accept Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, former Secretary of Labor, as the arbitrator, with both management and the unions agreeing in advance to accept Goldberg's verdict as final. Meeting with the management and union representatives at the White House, Kennedy asked them to consider the proposal overnight. He then slipped into his office and asked that Firemen's President Gilbert be sent in for a private talk. Smiling gently, Gilbert listened to the President's 25-minute sales talk on the Goldberg proposal.

Next morning, the last day before the deadline, management announced its acceptance of the plan. The union reply was a joint statement read off by Roy E. Davidson, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. "We are being asked," he said, "to agree to a procedure which we believe could pave the avenue to future compulsory arbitration by custom of practice. This we cannot agree to do."

High-Strung Huddles. The President summoned half a dozen congressional leaders to the White House, quizzed them anxiously on the outlook for pushing a compulsory-arbitration measure through Congress. The legislators made it plain that they wanted to avoid those brambles, that an arbitration bill would not get through Congress without opposition, and that in any event it would be impossible to rush a bill through before the strike deadline.

From high-strung huddles in White House offices emerged another expedient of delay: a plan to set up still another panel, and persuade the railroads once again to delay their deadline while the panel deliberated. Secretly, Kennedy called Railroad Representative Wolfe to his office, urged him to accept the plan. Wolfe argued that presidential panels and federal courts had already spoken, and that the railroads had already agreed to more than enough delays. The President promised that this would be absolutely the last postponement he would ask the railroads to accept. On that promise, Wolfe agreed to the delay. On Wednesday afternoon, with less than eight hours to go, Kennedy called a press conference and, without a trace of triumph in his voice, announced that "the railroads and the unions have accepted this proposal and there will be no strike this evening."

Time to Clear a Track. The President's final-postponement panel consists of six men: Labor Secretary Wirtz; Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges; Inland Steel Corp.'s Chairman Joseph Block; A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany; Railway Labor Executives' Association Chairman George E. Leighty; Norfolk & Western Railway Co.'s President Stuart T. Saunders. Wirtz will serve as chairman, Hodges as vice-chairman.

Despite its high-level membership,

TIMETABLE

A chronology of the railroad featherbedding battle:

1959

February. The railroads ask the unions to join them in requesting a study by a presidential commission.

June. The unions refuse.

August. The railroads ask President Eisenhower to set up a study commission anyway.

September. Ike declines.

November. The railroads propose a list of work-rules changes, begin negotiations with the unions.

1960

July-October. Switching to another track, the unions ask for a study by a presidential commission.

The railroads insist that the commission proposals be binding. The unions balk at that. Finally the railroads agree to a non-binding study.

November. Ike names a 15-member commission.

1961

February-November. Chaired by Lawyer Simon Rifkind, the commission chugs along, amassing a record of 15,306 pages, plus 20,319 pages of exhibits.

1962

February. With its five labor members dissenting, the Rifkind commission submits to President Kennedy a report calling for sweeping changes in work rules.

April-May. Meeting in Chicago, the railroads and the unions hold 20 bargaining sessions on work rules without reaching any agreement.

May-July. The two sides sit through twelve more no-progress sessions under the auspices of the National Mediation Board. The board offers to arbitrate. The railroads agree. The unions refuse.

July. The railroads serve notice that they will put the Rifkind-commission recommendations into effect within 30 days. The unions sue in federal court to derail the plan.

1963

March. The U.S. Supreme Court, 8 to 0 (Justice Goldberg not participating), rejects the union claim that the proposed work-rule changes would violate the Railway Labor Act.

April. After negotiations stall again, the railroads declare they will put the work-rule provisions into effect as of April 8. President Kennedy delays the deadline by appointing a three-man emergency board, headed by ex-Judge Samuel Rosenman.

May. In its report to the President, the Rosenman board in effect upholds the Rifkind-commission findings. The railroads accept the Rosenman recommendations. The unions reject them. At the urging of the Administration, the two sides resume negotiations, this time in Washington.

June. With negotiations getting nowhere, Labor Secretary Wirtz persuades the railroads to postpone their deadline again, from June 12 to June 18. Three days before that deadline, President Kennedy meets with management and union leaders, asks them to keep negotiating until July 10.

the panel is essentially a device of delay. It is not expected to settle the dispute or even try. All it is supposed to do is report to Congress on the facts and issues involved. The Administration hopes that awareness of the issues will make Congress less unwilling to legislate a compulsory-arbitration measure if no other way out is found. Meanwhile, the President gained 19 days in which to get last-resort legislation drawn up, and try to clear a track for it on Capitol Hill. He hopes, of course, that he will yet be able to avoid the political punishments that a compulsory-arbitration measure might bring, but he can hardly hope that, after four unbudging years, Fireman Gilbert and his fellow rail union chiefs will switch their signals before the end of those 19 days.

CIVIL RIGHTS

The Dangers of Militancy

While white men in Washington were arguing about civil rights legislation, the surging Negro outburst crashed beyond the limits of law, beyond the old framework of passive resistance, into a dangerous new dimension of violence. In their new mood of militancy, many Negroes were jeering down moderate leaders as "Uncle Toms" and heeding more violent voices.

Militancy brought clashes of fists, stones, clubs, guns. In Cambridge, Md., a brief truce between Negroes and whites quickly gave way to warfare, with hands of armed and angry men roving the streets (see following story). In Savannah, Ga., ignoring appeals for caution voiced by responsible leaders, Negroes broke into a window-smashing, tire-slashing rampage that lasted sporadically for two nights and a day. The outbreak began when 1,000 Negroes marched downtown to protest the arrest of a Negro leader. A young New York Negro named Bruce Gordon, a member, oddly enough, of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, urged the crowd to march on the city jail. Police moved in with tear gas and fire hoses. The following night, Negroes lay down in the streets to stop traffic. When police began hauling roadblockers away, a pitched battle erupted. Negroes hurled rocks and bottles. Again the police dispersed the crowds with gas, concussion grenades, and the threat of riot guns. All told, 167 adults and children were arrested, and four people were wounded by gunfire.

Signs of Objection. A consequence of the Negroes' heightened militancy was that it brought some signs of dismay and hostility among Northern whites. In Chicago, Lawyer Stephen Love, a white member of the N.A.A.C.P., angrily resigned from the organization because its leaders refused to apologize to Mayor Richard Daley for the jeering he received at an N.A.A.C.P. meeting. In Washington, Ohio's Democratic Senator Stephen Young warned that if any Negro demonstrators try a sit-in demon-



CONRAD'S "FROM THE N.A.A.C.P. COLORING BOOK"

stration in his office he will "personally and forcibly" throw them out. In New York City, demonstrators besieging a White Castle hamburger shop (they were demanding that the owners of the chain hire more Negroes and Puerto Ricans) met with a Dixie-style barrage of jeers and insults from white youths of the neighborhood.

More important, perhaps, were the signs of objection to the new brand of Negro militancy that began to appear in the moderate press. When pickets from a local organization called the Joint Committee on Equal Opportunity began a prolonged sitdown demonstration in the corridor just outside Mayor Robert Wagner's office, the civil-rights-minded New York Times was sorely disturbed. "Demonstrators," said the Times, "cannot be allowed to interfere with government (city, state or national)," and the committee, "by these tactics that go beyond the bounds of legitimate picketing, is building up resistance against achievement of the just goals it seeks." Syndicated Cartoonists Bill Mauldin (Chicago Sun-Times) and Paul Conrad (Denver Post), strong pens for the cause of Ne-



MAULDIN'S "I HEAR YOU HAD TROUBLE WITH A MOB OF RACISTS IN CHICAGO."

gro rights, drew sharp pictorial jabs against the bitter criticism that other Negroes at the N.A.A.C.P. convention in Chicago had thrown at University of Mississippi Student James Meredith because they considered him much too moderate.

"You Don't Need Guns." Responsible Negro leaders saw grave dangers in the spiraling Negro militancy. Instead of speeding up the achievement of equality for Negroes, militancy might in the long run only prolong the struggle, indefinitely postpone the day when Negroes and whites live side by side in harmony and brotherhood. The N.A.A.C.P.'s Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins, who has recently been shifting his organizational thrusts from the courtrooms to the streets, sensed that militancy had begun to push beyond the danger point. "We are not fighting white people," he said in a speech to a Negro audience in Charleston, S.C., last week. "We are fighting for an idea. You don't need guns; you only need this dynamite-like idea of freedom. You don't have to be discourteous or rude, to be militant or even stubborn. When we have won the fight for freedom, we must be prepared to live with white people."

A Cauldron of Hate

A sign on U.S. Highway 50 on the Eastern Shore of Maryland proclaims: CAMBRIDGE IS NOT JUST A PLACE—IT'S PEOPLE MAKING PROGRESS.

That boast seemed grotesquely inappropriate last week. Torn by bloody race violence, the city of Cambridge (pop. 13,000) was under martial law, its streets patrolled by a unit of the Maryland National Guard. As in many another city beset by the Negro revolt, responsible Negro leadership in Cambridge had suddenly given way before the thrust of militancy.

A Grim Surprise. Led by a dedicated woman named Gloria Richardson, Cambridge Negroes had been demonstrating for months for a city ordinance guaranteeing equal access to restaurants, movies and other public accommodations and an end to other forms of segregation. In mid-June, violence reached such a pitch that the local authorities asked Governor J. Millard Tawes to send in the National Guard. The Guard kept order, relatively speaking, for 25 days. During that time, leaders of both races negotiated a truce. Mrs. Richardson said she would keep her demonstrators off the streets for a few weeks to give the white community time to show good faith on various desegregation promises. But an hour after the Guard pulled out of Cambridge, early last week, militants pressured her into agreeing to a new demonstration. Eleven Negro and white demonstrators marched downtown and tried to push into a café called Dizzyland, operated

* Maryland actually has a new public-accommodations law, but it exempts, on local option, eleven counties including Dorchester, of which Cambridge is the county seat.



MRS. RICHARDSON (CENTER) HALTING NEGRO MARCH
On the other side of the door, thuds, screams and groans.

by a vociferous segregationist by the name of Robert Fehsenfeld.

A fleshy six-footer, Fehsenfeld blocked the doorway of Dizzyland with his own bulk. The demonstrators knelt on the sidewalk, prayed and sang. A crowd gathered to jeer the Negroes and cheer Fehsenfeld. Inspired, Fehsenfeld kicked a few demonstrators, picked up a Negro girl and dragged her away from the door, smashed an egg on the head of a white demonstrator.

During the next few days, tension wound tighter in Cambridge. Gunshots rang out in the night. Negro and white mobs glared at each other in the streets. Late in the week demonstrators again descended upon Dizzyland. This time Fehsenfeld was not standing in the doorway, and a few demonstrators walked inside. "You are not wanted in here," cried Fehsenfeld. "Understand, you come in here at your own risk." Then he locked his door. The demonstrators looked around—and got a grim surprise. Waiting in the restaurant were more than a dozen white toughs. They charged into the demonstrators and beat them up while angry Negroes outside, hearing the screams and groans inside Dizzyland, pounded on the locked door.

A Chaos of Noise. That night gunfire erupted again in Cambridge. Seven white men were wounded. Through the early hours of the morning, an incessant chaos of ugly noises resounded in Cambridge—shouts of hate and rage, cries of fear, the sounds of careening cars and shattering glass, and, piercing through all the competing noises, the bang, bang, bang of gunfire. Finally, with the local police and state troopers unable to restore order, Governor Tawes ordered the Guard back into Cambridge.

At week's end, under the Guardsmen's guns, Cambridge was quiet. The bars were closed, a 9 p.m. curfew was in force, firearms were prohibited. But the peace was, all too clearly, only temporary. Cambridge was not just a place—it was a seething cauldron of hate.

To Fulfill a Historic Role

At hearings on the Administration's civil rights bill, the Senate Commerce Committee last week heard two opposing points of view from two star witnesses, both Southerners.

"The President and the Attorney General," rumbled Mississippi's Segregationist Governor Ross Barnett, "have encouraged demonstrations, freedom rides, sit-ins, picketing and actual violation of local laws. Gentlemen, if you pass this civil rights legislation, you are passing it under the threat of mob action and violence on the part of Negro groups and under various types of intimidation from the executive branch of this government."

By pressing for civil rights legislation, raved Barnett, the Kennedy brothers were aiding a "world Communist conspiracy to divide and conquer" the U.S. To prove that the Negro push for equality is linked with Communism, Barnett reached into his briefcase and pulled out a poster issued by the Georgia Commission on Education. In a display reminiscent of the late Joe McCarthy's famed "I-have-here-in-my-hand" performance, Barnett claimed



GOVERNOR BARNETT

that the picture in the poster showed Negro Leader Martin Luther King Jr. at the "Highlander Folk School for Communist Training, Monteagle, Tenn."

Appeal to Ideals. From Georgia-born Secretary of State Dean Rusk the Committee heard a movingly eloquent appeal, not just for the Administration bill but for an end to all race discrimination in the U.S. "Foreign policy," he said, "is not the major reason we should eliminate discrimination. It is not something we should do merely to look good abroad. The primary reason why we must attack the problems of discrimination is rooted in our basic commitments as a nation and a people. We must try to eliminate discrimination not to make others think better of us, but because it is incompatible with the great ideals to which our democratic society is dedicated." The U.S., Rusk went on to conclude, "cannot fulfill its historic role unless it fulfills its commitment to its own people."

South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond, an unyielding segregationist, asked Rusk whether he would not "agree that we have been making great progress in this country." Rusk agreed, but added that "there is still unfinished business." Asked Thurmond: "Who has been responsible for that progress—the white man or the Negro?" Rusk replied softly: "Both, working together." Did Rusk approve of the Negro demonstrations? Thurmond continued. "If I were denied what our Negro citizens are denied," said the Secretary of State, "I would demonstrate too."

Appeal to Fear. In testimony on legal aspects of the Administration bill, Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall, head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, touched fleetingly on two seldom mentioned points that are likely to take on greater prominence as the debate continues.

The school was the Highlander Folk School, established in 1932 by Myles Horton, a Tennessee educator, it was "progressive" in ideology, but U.S. Government investigators cleared both Horton and his school of accusations of Communist activities. Martin Luther King Jr. appeared there in 1957 for a 25th anniversary celebration. That is when the photo was taken.



SECRETARY RUSK

Beyond the bill, an end to all discrimination.

The Administration's proposal to prohibit discrimination in privately owned public accommodations carries no direct penalties for violation. Like other civil rights measures, it would be enforced through the courts, by means of lawsuits. Violators would incur penalties only if they persisted in discriminating after a federal court specifically ordered them to desist. The penalty would be punishment for contempt of court, not for practicing discrimination. The aim of the bill is to create a climate for integration; the Administration foresees relatively few actual penalties.

Those who argue that the public accommodations title of the Administration bill should be based upon the 14th Amendment rather than the "commerce clause" of the Constitution (the Administration favors the commerce clause), should be wary of a possible constitutional complication. The 14th Amendment prohibits states from denying citizens "equal protection of the laws." Applying that prohibition to state-licensed businesses on the ground that they are "instrumentalities" of the state might open a gate to federal regulation of private establishments and individuals in matters far removed from discrimination.

So far the Administration has made little use of these points in its public arguments for its bill. The Administration's presentation of its case, indeed, has been at times inappropriate. There is some substance to the charge that the Administration is using the threat of violence to further its cause when it argues that Negroes will seek their goals in the streets if Congress fails to pass a suitable bill. This appeal to fear only tends to weaken the meritorious appeal to justice.

DEFENSE

Dented, but Bigger

When Defense Secretary Robert McNamara vowed last year to make some economy dents in defense-spending, he promised President Kennedy savings of \$750 million. Last week Manager McNamara reported that he had exceeded his goal. He had, he said, saved \$1.1 billion. Examples of how:

- By shifting more than a million excess Air Force rockets to the Army, which needed them for its attack helicopters, he saved the \$41 million that new rockets would have cost.

- By substituting commercially available hydraulic "mules" for the specially designed electronic apparatus used to shut the doors of Minuteman missile silos, he cut the cost per unit from \$555,000 to \$80,800.

- By opening a contract for new pack radios to competitive bidding, he got the price down from \$2,278 to \$843.

In reporting on his economies, McNamara understandably put no stress on the fact that the 1964 defense budget, \$53.7 billion, is \$2.4 billion bigger than the 1963 defense budget.

SPACE

Still Moonward Bound

President Kennedy had Congress and the public with him when, early in his Administration, he got the U.S. space program racing toward the moon. Bruised by Soviet space successes, national pride demanded that the first man on the moon be an American instead of a Russian, whatever the cost.

The cost is moon-high. Though \$20 billion is the stated price tag, some experts feel it may take as much as \$40

trous pace" of NASA's push toward the moon. Physicist Lloyd V. Berkner, former chairman of the National Academy of Sciences' space science board, has warned against reducing the space race "to the spectacle of an athletic contest." Many scientists would prefer to see the U.S. explore space primarily with unmanned probes, incomparably less costly than manned space shots.

None of these purely verbal punches was anywhere near as painful to NASA as a solidly material blow landed last week by the House Science and Astronautics Committee, which slashed \$474 million from NASA's 1964 budget request of \$5.7 billion. Nearly half the cut came out of the manned space flight program, which includes the lunar landing project. The committee also voted to reduce the amount of money that NASA is permitted to shift around among its various programs—plain notice that the committee plans to exercise tighter control on NASA's spending in the future.

Doubts Astr. NASA Administrator James Webb complained that the "overall result" of the committee's knife work "is an inadequate level of support for a program that is urgently needed, has achieved a high level of success and is now giving this nation the promise of early pre-eminence in all phases of space exploration." But the committee's cuts did not reflect misgivings about the goal of U.S. pre-eminence in space. What committee members had doubts about was NASA and the way Webb was running it.

Space Administrator Webb, 56, is no scientist but a sometime oilman who served President Truman as Budget Director and later as Under Secretary of State. With billions of space dollars to disperse throughout the U.S., Webb has spread the money with what some critics consider a political rather than a scientific eye. One scientist has charged NASA with "technological leaf-raking."

NASA's \$123 million Manned Space Flight Center now under construction near Houston aroused some suspicions that Texas' Vice President Lyndon Johnson might have had something to do with the site selection. NASA's proposed \$50 million electronics space research center near Boston would help Senator Teddy Kennedy redeem his campaign pledge to "do more for Massachusetts." Among the House Committee's decisions on the NASA budget was a demand for a detailed justification of the Boston project.

Webb has had some disturbing intramural troubles at NASA. For a while, Manned Space Flight Director D. Brainerd Holmes, 42, the man in direct charge of the moon program, challenged Webb's control. A brilliant, take-charge engineer, Holmes wanted to run the moon program his own way. Last year, when Holmes demanded an extra \$400 million he felt was necessary to keep on schedule, Webb refused to ask Congress for the money. Last month



billion to put two U.S. astronauts on the moon by 1970, the present target date of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. NASA's budget has already rocketed from \$117 million in 1958 to \$3.7 billion this year. With the costs mounting inexorably, and with memories of Sputnik I receding, some Americans have come to take a less moon-struck look at NASA and the space race.

A Fistful of Dust. Foremost among the doubters is a longtime moon-race skeptic, Dwight D. Eisenhower. Says Ike: "Anybody who would spend \$40 billion in a race to the moon for national prestige is nuts." California's Democratic Representative Chet Hoffield has grumbled about "moon madness." The Senate Republican Policy Committee expressed doubts about the value of "a fistful of lunar dust."

Some U.S. scientists, too, have voiced misgivings about what one of them called the "frantic, costly and disas-

Holmes abruptly resigned "to return to industry," and disaffection spread as several of Holmes's moon men threatened to quit with him.

Holmes's sudden resignation stirred doubts in Congress. "We had come to believe in Holmes as a champion of the moon program," said one member of the House space committee. Also disturbing to some members of Congress was NASA's seeming inability to project its cost estimates firmly and accurately. "We ask NASA and its contractors how the money will be spent," complained one Congressman, "and they don't give us the answers we need."

For the Sake of the Future. Despite the House committee's cuts, primacy in space remains the goal of the U.S. Government. An undoubted majority in Congress still approves of that goal despite the costs. Within the Administration the need for U.S. pre-eminence in space is not even debated. "When the policy is so clear," says a White House aide, "there's no point in debating it."

An international "athletic contest" in space would indeed not be worth \$20 billion—not with so very much still undone on the earth below. But the space race is much more than that. In the long view, space is an arena of world politics, and the U.S. must compete in it. While the arguments about how much to spend and how and when to spend it must and will go on, the challenge is so important to the future of mankind that the U.S. cannot approach it with anything but its best effort.

THE CAPITAL

The Dean of the Corps

The ambassador was visibly agitated. In a swirl of cigarette smoke, he pondered a diplomatic crisis: another ambassador was trying to hire away his cook. How could he thwart this act of piracy without causing an international incident? Baffled, he called his secretary through the intercom. "Get me the Dean," he said. "Tell him it's important."

Farther down Diplomatic Row, a

new African ambassador fretted over the guest list for his first dinner party. Too proud to ask the State Department's protocol section for help, he telephoned the Dean.

At a Latin American embassy, a young diplomat worried over the delicate question of what to wear at an important occasion. He sighed with relief when he found in his mail a note reading "The Dean will wear . . ." The diplomat dressed accordingly.

Knowing the Niceties. Who is this all-important Dean? Well, he is Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa, little Nicaragua's Ambassador to the U.S. By virtue of having served in Washington longer than any other foreign ambassador, Sevilla-Sacasa is the "Dean of the Corps." As such, he acts as adviser, style setter, protocol arbiter and ceremonial representative for the capital's entire ambassadorial corps. Dean since 1958, Sevilla-Sacasa attends about 600 official functions a year, greets every chief of state who visits Washington. To avoid contretemps, he has to remember the names, faces and precise protocol standings of each of the 111 other chiefs of mission in Washington, as well as the niceties of amity or animosity among the various countries.

With his waddling walk and jolly demeanor, pudgy Sevilla-Sacasa does not look very ambassadorial, but he has splendid qualifications for the deanship: a lot of pocket money, a large capacity for cocktails, an imperturbable stomach, a gift for small talk and a good memory. He takes his deanship seriously. "Thirty years ago," he clucks, "diplomats were expected to be aware of all phases of diplomacy before they came to Washington. Not so today. They need help, and this is what I am here for." One highly important help is Sevilla-Sacasa's method for introducing a newly arrived ambassador to the other envoys. It used to be that a new ambassador was required to call upon each chief of mission separately as soon as possible after arriving at his post. In Washington today, a new envoy working at the rate of one call a day would have to devote five months to meeting

that requirement. At his own expense, Sevilla-Sacasa established a quarterly gathering of the ambassadorial corps, with a reception line for the newcomers.

Meeting Mr. Martini. Last week Sevilla-Sacasa rounded out 20 years as his country's ambassador to the U.S. In that post, he has served under four U.S. Presidents, eight Secretaries of State and six Nicaraguan chiefs of government. During his two decades in Washington, he has accumulated nine children, 34 medals and 4,400 photographs of himself and his family. A passionate baseball fan, he calls his children "my baseball team."

At 54, Sevilla-Sacasa is extraordinarily young to be a veteran Dean of the Corps. He was able to arrive at that eminence at a relatively early age because he got off to an early start. He became a member of Nicaragua's House of Representatives at 25, speaker of the house a year later. In 1943, he married the daughter of Nicaragua's late Dictator Anastasio Somoza, and shortly afterward his father-in-law dispatched him to Washington—and the cocktail circuit. "That," says Sevilla-Sacasa, "is when I meet my friend Mister Martini. When I was a young man, I played baseball. Now I play highball. Some people do not like cocktail parties. I love them. Some people do not like to meet people. I love people. I like to meet them." People like to meet him, too.

REPUBLICANS

Whom Ike Likes

As the Philadelphia Inquirer told it last week, Dwight D. Eisenhower had picked his favorites for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964. In conversation with "political intimates," wrote Reporter Joseph H. Miller, Ike had made it clear he would happily support any one of four men—Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, Michigan's Governor George Romney, Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton or retired General Lucius Clay. What made the list notable was the conspicuous absence of the current front run-



SEVILLA-SACASA WITH TRUMAN (1946)



WITH IKE (1956)
"Parties? I love them."



WITH J.E.H. (1961)

ners. Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater and New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

The Inquirer's story, an Eisenhower aide reported, got Ike "vexed to heat hell." Nonetheless, he waited four days to make his reply. Then Ike dispatched messages to both Rockefeller and Goldwater, as well as to G.O.P. congressional leaders and the Republican National Committee. He has no favorites, Ike insisted. The party, he said, is fortunate in having a number of "highly popular and able" potential candidates. "I'm for each and against none."

AGRICULTURE

How To Succeed in Farming Without Creating a Mess

Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman once summed up U.S. agriculture as half miracle and half mess. The miracle is the wondrous surge of farm productivity over the past few decades. Since 1920, farm output per worker in the U.S. has not just doubled or tripled, but quadrupled. The mess is twofold. There is the problem of overproduction. Freeman's Agriculture Department spends about \$7 billion a year, largely in hapless efforts to cope with farm surpluses. And there is the problem of rural poverty. The average farm-family income from farming, according to U.S. Government statistics, is less than \$3,000 a year—considerably less than half the average for urban families.

In a just-published book entitled *Farms and Farmers in an Urban Age*, Agronomist Edward Higbee, a University of Rhode Island professor, takes a refreshingly clear-eyed look at the miracle and the mess. Sponsored by the Twentieth Century Fund, the book cuts through the confusion of federal farm policy like a well-honed scythe leveling a weed patch.

The \$217-a-Year Families. Much of the muddle of U.S. farm policies, argues Higbee, results from statistical fallacies. As the Agriculture Department reckons it, any grower of crops or raiser of livestock who has at least ten acres of land and markets at least \$50 worth of farm goods a year counts as a "farmer." But that term includes everybody from the Southern mill hand who grows a field of cotton as a sideline, netting \$70 a year on ten acres, to the Southwestern cotton baron who manages his empire from an air-conditioned office, netting \$65,000 a year on 1,000 acres. The Agriculture Department offers the mill hand and the baron the same support price on their cotton. A farm policy that treats rich farmers, poor farmers and part-time farmers as if they had the same problems and the same need for Government help is detached from reality, Higbee argues.

In the last "census of agriculture," taken in 1959 by the Census Bureau, 44% of those classified as farmers marketed less than \$2,500 worth of farm goods a year. These families, whose poverty is often cited as a reason why fed-



WHEAT COMBINES IN KANSAS

eral farm subsidies must be continued, are not really farmers at all by any sensible criterion. Their net family income from agriculture averaged \$217 a year. Their nonfarm income came to \$2,884 per family. Counting them as farmers, and including their \$217 a year in the national farm income averages, distorts and muddles federal farm policy. "These people," urges Professor Higbee, "should not be seriously considered when farm policy is debated and formulated."

It Takes More Than Work. The rural poor, says Higbee, cannot hope to prosper as farmers, because they do not have and cannot get enough capital. The spectacular rise in farm productivity in recent decades has resulted from a combination of improved technology and heavy capital investment. An ever increasing share of total U.S. farm output is produced on big, heavily capitalized farms. The top 9% of the farms account for 50% of total farm production. The top 3% of the farms produce as much as the bottom 80%. Large-scale farmers make exceedingly good livings—not from handling plows and pitchforks energetically, but from managing capital effectively.

Farmers who lack capital, and the credit or imagination to borrow it, cannot make a U.S.-style living out of farming. What they put into farming is primarily their own labor, and farm labor is low-paid, averaging 84¢ an hour, less than one-third of factory wages. "When I'm on my tractor," says an Ohio corn-hog farmer with a \$300,000 farm, "I'm worth no more than my hired hand."

Risk-Free Profit. The U.S. Government's price-support system, Higbee argues, is grotesquely ill-designed to cope with the problems it is supposed to remedy—overproduction and rural poverty. A support price that is high enough to cover the production costs of a small-scale, inefficient farmer provides a glorious opportunity for risk-free profit to the large-scale, efficient farmer with his much lower costs of production per bushel or bale. The support price of corn, for example, is \$1.25 a bushel, and the big producer can grow corn for less than 70¢ a bushel. Clearly, if the Government takes the stuff off his hands at \$1.25, the efficient farmer can reap a bumper crop of money from growing corn that nobody needs.

For small-scale farmers with little capital, price supports provide only meager help. The less a farmer produces, the less he gets from price supports. "Most of the help," says Higbee,



MISSISSIPPI COTTON FARMER*



HIGBEE AT WORK
Make a U.S.-style living, or quit.

"goes to a relatively small percentage of upper-bracket operators who are better off than the majority of taxpayers."

Higbee urges that price supports "be discontinued in favor of letting free enterprise determine price." Abolition of price supports would slow down the expansion of large-scale farming and thereby delay the obsolescence of the medium-scale farmers. As for the small-scale farmers, already economically obsolete, there is only one "real solution," argues Higbee: "More city jobs."

* William C. Boland, operator of a 1,800-acre farm near Estille, Miss., at the controls of his own cotton gin.



CANDIDATE ILLIA
Patiently, but with perseverance.

ARGENTINA

"We Can Go Home"

For the first time in ages, Argentines could talk politics—and smile about it. At last they had an election—and perhaps soon, a bona fide President: Dr. Arturo Umberto Illia, 62, a sometime physician and longtime politico with considerable government experience. On the Buenos Aires Stock Exchange, shares surged upward; the battered peso rallied four points (from 139 to 135 to the dollar), and throughout the country the sensation was one of deep relief and a return of confidence. Even the fractious military seemed content. "We kept our promise to hold elections," said a colonel as he headed for his *estancia* in the countryside. "Now our job is done, and we can go home."

Surprises All Around. That was stretching it some. Violence and confusion have been the country's unhappy lot ever since the military toppled Arturo Frondizi 16 months ago and installed Puppet President José María Guido in his place. As the once prosperous land of grain and meat fell into economic chaos (the cost of living soared 50% last year), the military promised constitutional elections and a return to democracy. But the soldiers could not agree on when to hold elections, or how much democracy to allow the 3,000,000 followers of exiled Dictator Juan Perón. Twice these arguments erupted into shooting between rival wings of the Perón-hating armed forces; twice the promised elections were postponed.

The Peronistas tried to mollify the military by agreeing to form a popular front with Frondizi's Intransigent Radical party. At the last minute, the front found most of its choices for the electoral college disqualified by the army.

THE HEMISPHERE

From his exile in Madrid, Perón told his followers that since they were legally required to vote, they should cast blank ballots; under house arrest in the Argentine mountain resort town of Bariloche, Frondizi did the same. Together, they were supposed to control 40% of the voters.

Expecting trouble, the military posted 70,000 troops at polls around the country on election day. But, to the surprise of most everybody, there were no incidents—and nothing like 40% blank ballots. Weary of living in political limbo and anxious to participate again in the democratic process, many regarded as Peronistas or followers of Frondizi cast their ballots for other candidates. Of some 10 million votes, only 17% were blank. Dr. Arturo Illia, whose middle-ranking party calls itself the People's Radicals, wound up with 27% of the total, worth 169 electoral votes. Dr. Oscar Alende, leading an anti-Frondizi wing of the ex-President's party, mustered 17% (for 109 electoral votes). Retired Army General Pedro Eugenio Aramburu, provisional President after Perón's downfall, got 15% (for 43 electoral votes).

From Spain, Perón called the election a "farce" and warned: "A period of hard fighting in which violence must be the norm has just begun." But in Buenos Aires, the betting was that Illia and the No. 2 man, Alende, would join forces to give Illia the 238-vote majority he needs when the electoral college meets on July 31. They are then expected to form a coalition government that the country would accept.

Nothing Spectacular. Though the U.S. maintained an official silence, Washington was privately delighted at the results. Tall and white-haired, looking more like a country doctor (he still practices) than a ranking politician, Illia is considered pro-West in his approach to foreign relations and is known for his honesty and diligence at home. In his college days, he divided his time between medicine and politics, went on to become a provincial senator, vice governor of his home Córdoba province, and finally an oppositionist in Perón's Congress. In March 1962, he was elected governor of Córdoba province but lost his job when the elections were nullified.

Illia was already talking as if he were the next President of Argentina. "Our aims are clear," he says, "and we will move toward them in orderly, methodical fashion—patiently but with perseverance. We will not employ spectacular methods, which in principle I abhor." During the campaign he struck a nationalistic note by promising an "investigation" of what the International Monetary Fund has been doing "for and to" Argentina. He also promised to "an-

nul" the controversial oil contracts between foreign oilmen and the old Frondizi government. "But no one need be alarmed by this," he said. "Justice will be recognized, and if convenient to Argentina, they will be renegotiated." Illia plans to end the current state of siege, "return the armed services to their profession," create a national economic council for planning and pay state salaries regularly.

All in all, he sounded like a man who wants to leave Argentina alone—which might be just what that rich land needs.

ECUADOR

One for the Road

It was the classic Latin American scene. At 2 p.m. one day last week, eight tanks rumbled up to the presidential palace in Ecuador's Andean capital of Quito. Radio bulletins soon blared the news: Carlos Julio Arosemena, 44, the country's 46th President in 130 years, had gone the way of many of his predecessors—deposed by military coup. A crowd of demonstrators gathered at the palace to protest to the new rulers; and tanks opened fire. Three persons were killed, 17 wounded. In the palace, Arosemena refused to resign at first, then bowed to superior firepower and was bundled onto an air force plane bound for Panama. All this was classic, but this time there was a variation. The reason given by the military brass for its coup: that Arosemena was a drunkard who had "spotted the national honor."

"Masculine Passions." Alas, the soldiers had a point. Installed as President 20 months ago (after a coup against



EX-PRESIDENT AROSEMENA
Amiable, but smashed.

erratic President José María Velasco Ibarra). Arosemena came from an aristocratic family of bankers and landowners. His father was Acting President from 1947 to 1948. He himself had been elected Vice President in 1960, was known as an intelligent, reform-minded individualist. But he was also well known as a powerful man with a bottle—and in office the binges seemed to have grown more frequent. For days at a time, he failed to show up at his office in the palace. In November, he kicked up a royal fuss in a Quito nightclub; he showed up sloshed for his talk with President Kennedy on a state visit to the U.S. last July, almost fell on his face at Guayaquil's airport five months later when he went out to greet Chile's strait-laced President Jorge Alessandri.

When sober, Arosemena pushed through a much-needed austerity program, reversed the drain on foreign exchange, and managed to increase Ecuador's low standard of living a bit. Under pressure from the military, he broke diplomatic relations with Castro's Cuba. His regime seemed to satisfy most people—except for the drinking. But as his drinking got worse, the Conservative opposition in Congress twice sought to have him impeached. Lacking the votes, it asked the military leaders to intervene. At first the army refused. Arosemena denounced his critics as "Creole Calvinists." He was a human being, he said, with normal "masculine passions and vices."

Undecorous Acts. Last week at a formal dinner in Quito honoring Admiral Wilfred J. McNeil, president of Grace Line, Arosemena was full of liquid passion. Evidently upset over the squabble with U.S. tuna fishermen, he told off U.S. Ambassador Maurice Bernbaum in loud, undiplomatic language. "The Government of the United States," declared Arosemena, "exploits Latin America and exploits Ecuador." He then, said the dinner guests, committed a series of "even more undecorous acts," and vomited in front of the gathering. At an all-night meeting, officers of all three services agreed that Arosemena had to go.

Heading the four-man junta that took over is Navy Commander Ramón Castro Jijón, 48, who immediately declared that the new regime was anti-Communist and democratic. In the first 24 hours, the junta imposed martial law, established a strict curfew, outlawed the Communist Party, and pledged to go after bands of pro-Castro terrorists roaming the backlands. Next year's presidential election was canceled, but the military officers promised to call a convention to draft a new constitution "when opportune." The U.S. would probably recognize the junta. But whether sober soldiers, governing by martial law, would run the country better than a tipsy but amiable Arosemena was still to be proved.

BRAZIL

Brizola Under Attack

Latin America's noisiest leftist south of Cuba is Brazil's Leonel Brizola, 41. President João Goulart's embarrassing brother-in-law and a federal Deputy from Guanabara state. On TV and before the crowds, Brizola rails against the foreign businessmen in Brazil, cries for expropriation of their property, demands friendship with Castro, and denounces everything Yankee. But now Brizola is getting better than he gives. In paid ads in Rio's papers, he wailed: "I beg for, I demand justice against the group which manipulates the powerful Diários Associados machine in its campaign of infamies and injurious attacks against me."

Diários Associados is the huge publishing empire (31 newspapers, five magazines, 20 radio and twelve TV stations) owned by ailing Press Lord Francisco de Assis Chateaubriand and now run by a triumvirate of editors who are militantly anti-Communist. Some weeks ago, Brizola attacked the group, hinting at shady dealings with the Bank of Brazil. Diários struck back by turning loose David Nasser, 46, Brazil's best-read and most-feared columnist. In a series of four articles in the big (circ. 425,000), slick *O Cruzeiro* magazine, Nasser laid into Brizola as "the beast of the Apocalypse," "an overfed revolutionary," "a Teddy boy of the pumpas." "Saddened is the journalist who has the duty to dip his pen in your putrefied career and in your pillaging figure."

More to the point, Nasser charged that Brizola had filled his pockets by manipulating rice production in Rio Grande do Sul. And though Brizola had boasted that he had practically given away one of his farms to 30 peasant families, Nasser claimed to have documents showing that Brizola bought the farm for \$10,000 in 1958 and sold half of it to a peasant cooperative last January for a handsome \$21,600. "As one can see," concluded Nasser, "Deputy Leonel Brizola is a liar. He is not being but a reformist in his own benefit."

So stung was Brizola that he demanded help from the judiciary, from Congress, from the armed forces, and pleaded with his brother-in-law Goulart to force Chateaubriand to give him equal suit. He threatened to bring a slander suit against Nasser. But for the moment, at least, Brizola had to take his lumps.

VENEZUELA

After Betancourt

In the past five years, Venezuela's strong-willed President Rómulo Betancourt has held his volatile nation together mainly through the force of his bulldog personality. But Betancourt is constitutionally barred from succeeding himself when his term ends next December. What then? Last week Decem-

Acción Democrática, the country's biggest party, nominated a candidate to carry on. He is Raúl Leoni, 57, the party president, an old crony of Betancourt's and, like him, a onetime revolutionary turned democratic reformer.

From their looks, the two might be brothers. Both are bald and portly; in their rabble-rousing university days, they shared each other's clothes, spent time in the same jail, were both packed off to exile by the ruling dictatorships. In the early 1940s Leoni helped Betancourt found A.D. He personally organized its labor wing and was rewarded with the labor ministry (Betancourt was provisional President) in the junta that ruled from 1945 until it was overthrown in 1948. When Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez was toppled in 1958 and Betan-



CANDIDATE LEONI
A man to carry on.

court became President, Leoni took over A.D.'s leadership, strengthening the labor and peasant ties that form the basis of the party's strength.

Leoni promises to carry on Betancourt's social and economic reforms, but he has little of Betancourt's magnetism. Dour, shrewd and sardonic, with little personal charm, he is more of a backroom politician than a stump-thumping vote getter. For that reason, many Venezuelans had hoped for a continuation of the joint front between A.D. and the Social Christian COPEI party led by Rafael Caldera, 47, an able and personable Caracas lawyer. A.D.'s insistence on Leoni, whom COPEI regards a party hack, diminishes the chance of a united democratic ticket against the left at election time. Even so, Leoni goes into the campaign a clear favorite to win.

Coolly recognizing his own unpopularity with COPEI and Caldera, Leoni argues that even if they won't help put him in office, they will be bound to support him afterward, and he knows he will need their help and votes if he is to govern effectively. The next regime, says Leoni, should be a coalition even if the party has to go it alone in the election.

THE WORLD

COLD WAR

To Moscow, with Caution

The pattern of arrival and departure might be symbolic. By week's end everyone in Moscow believed that the Red Chinese delegation was ready to head home before too long. At the same time, U.S. and British delegations were due to arrive. The Russians were jamming Radio Peking but let the Voice of America come in loud and clear. Faced with the open Chinese challenge to Soviet leadership of world Communism, Nikita

NATO spies," and that "this is no subject for bargaining." The West will not accept an unenforceable moratorium on underground tests, since it believes that the Russians would break it at will, as they violated the voluntary test ban in 1961. However, if Russia agrees to a treaty that simply forbids tests in the atmosphere—which are easily detectable—the West is willing to take up the problem of underground testing at a later date.

• **NONAGGRESSION PACT.** Khrushchev declared that "at the conclusion of a test-

Why, then, is the West so eager to sign a nuclear pact with Russia? Rightly or wrongly, Washington has come to view a test-ban treaty as the touchstone of Soviet intentions. If this one outstanding issue can be resolved after five years of frustration, the State Department believes, then there is hope that East and West may ultimately be able to settle other issues. Though Harriman is empowered only to negotiate a test-ban agreement, he expects to "explore" other cold war problems, such as Berlin and Russia's failure to enforce the Laotian neutrality pact. On those matters Khrushchev so far did not appear to budge. Talking to Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak in Kiev last week, Khrushchev said: "Berlin is the foot that Kennedy has in Europe. Every time I want to, I'll stamp on it."

In short, the East-West talks in Moscow may just possibly prove no more fruitful than the Sino-Soviet talks. But U.S. observers still wonder how long Khrushchev can go on fighting a two-front war, refusing both concessions to Peking and a genuine move toward "peaceful coexistence" with the West.



"SAY, MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE TO DANCE."

Khrushchev may want to ease tensions with the West, both to bulwark his position at home and to demonstrate the genuineness of his much-heralded coexistence policy abroad. But whether Khrushchev wants it badly enough to make some really meaningful concessions is still another question.

The Issues. As he flew off to Moscow for another round of test-ban talks, Presidential Envoy Averell Harriman noted hopefully that Russia was being more pleasant in "the small things of life." As for the big things, "we are going in good faith and in the hope of achieving some steps that will be beneficial." The principal issues facing Harriman and his fellow negotiator, British Minister of Science Viscount Hailsham, in Moscow:

• **TEST BAN:** Khrushchev has indicated that he would revive Russia's 1961 terms for a test ban, which included a voluntary moratorium on underground detonations, without effective controls. This proposal was rejected by the U.S. at the time. Then, last year, Russia offered to permit three inspections of its territory yearly by way of policing an underground ban. Moscow subsequently reneged. Khrushchev now insists that Russia will never "open its door to

ban agreement," he will revive Russia's hoary demand for a nonaggression pact between the 15 NATO powers and the satellite nations of the Warsaw Treaty. In the past, this proposal has invariably been rejected by the West because West Germany and France object that it would imply Western acceptance of a divided Europe and recognition of East Germany. In any case, they point out, no such declaration is needed, for NATO's defensive purposes were guaranteed in its charter 14 years ago.

The Prospects. U.S. policymakers emphasize that a test-ban treaty would have little if any effect on the balance of power. Since both East and West have more than enough nuclear warheads for any conceivable conflict, the only way either side could gain a decisive strategic lead would be through a major breakthrough in missile delivery systems, which would not be covered by the test ban. In any case, nuclear technology is now so advanced that weapons such as the anti-missile missile can be developed entirely in the laboratory. Furthermore, no Western statesman believes that a test-ban agreement will restrain the French or Chinese from testing nuclear weapons at will, or even slow the spread of nuclear arms to other nations.

COMMUNISTS

Wait Till Next Year

Scarcely had the Sino-Soviet talks gotten underway than the meeting headed for collapse. It did not much matter when Red China's seven-man delegation would pack their bags and actually leave Moscow; back home Peking's People's Daily seemed ready to call it quits. "We want unity, not a split," said the voice of Red China. "But we have to point out with heavy hearts that events have gone contrary to our hopes. The situation is very grave."

Absolute Secrecy. All week there had been a strange sensation in Moscow that maybe there was no Sino-Soviet meeting at all. The Kremlin acted as though the showdown never took place. Dom Priemov, the reception house where the sessions were supposed to be held, was carefully avoided by Soviet reporters and photographers. Asked why, a Moscow news executive said sarcastically: "It's payday. They've all gone for their money." After meeting twice to discuss formalities, the Russians and Red Chinese met only three times during the next seven days. Just before one session began, a Western reporter asked a Soviet plainclothesman what time the Peking delegation was expected. The cop shrugged and said: "You never know with them. They are a very disorganized people. We waited for them yesterday, and they never did show up."

The Red Chinese delegation apparently spent most of its time driving through the Lenin Hills section of the city in black limousines, shuttling mysteriously from Peking's embassy to Dom Priemov

to the villa where they lived. Western newsmen once glimpsed Teng Hsiao-ping, the leader of Peking's group, serenely strolling through the villa's gardens. The only sign of life behind the massive, cream-colored walls of Dom Priemov were the boots of a Soviet soldier, which protruded beneath the spiked iron gates when he opened a peephole to scrutinize an arriving automobile. For the first time, Russians were willing to talk and even to joke about the Sino-Soviet conflict. One crack making the rounds in Moscow suggested that the way to solve the whole thing was for Mao Tse-tung and Charles de Gaulle to conclude an alliance, thus letting the two troublemakers take care of each other.

Absolute Equality. Throughout the on-and-off meetings, the ideological fire continued above the heads of the delegates. The Kremlin splashed a policy statement on the front page of Pravda that ominously warned Peking of the "dangerous consequences" of its policy. As for Nikita Khrushchev, he called out the brass bands, honor guard and television cameras to welcome Hungary's Janos Kadar, who repaid the flattery by once again backing Moscow's line of peaceful coexistence.

Red China, whose delegation's arrival in Moscow was downplayed by the Soviet government and deliberately ignored by the Soviet press, fired its own volley of insults. For the first time, Peking claimed absolute equality with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and warned the Kremlin in an elaborate simile: "No genuine unity can be achieved by an attitude that allows the magistrate to burn down houses, while forbidding the common people even to light their lamps."

All these Sino-Soviet exchanges were carefully framed to put the blame for the split on the other fellow. Obviously the Chinese never expected the Moscow meeting to succeed, insisted on it merely to embarrass the Soviets. The Kremlin,

in turn, could not afford to appear intractable. At week's end the Peking press suggested that perhaps a few of the Sino-Soviet differences could be settled soon, while others could be deferred till later. This simply meant that the Chinese were ready to prolong the quarrel indefinitely. "If the differences cannot be resolved this year," said Peking handily, "they can wait until next year."

The Russians were less patient. They shot back an answering communiqué warning Peking that "the immediate future" will decide whether the split will widen. Then Moscow gave the Red Chinese—and the West—a pointed reminder. After all, said the Soviets, "we have a common enemy."

ESPIONAGE

Midsummer Dragnet

Throughout the world last week, secret agents were on the move—many of them in the direction of jail. The U.S. had just rounded up its Fourth of July catch: West Germany was trying three spies who had penetrated its supposedly impenetrable Gehlen intelligence organization (see *following story*); and Britain had two spy thrillers running concurrently.

Defeated Machinery. On trial in London, Italian-born Atomic Physicist Giuseppe Martelli tried to explain away his possession of hollow-heeled shoes suitable for concealing microfilm, cigarette packs containing thin, inflammable message pads, sheets of rendezvous instructions, a high-powered camera, and a super-strength radio receiver. He had accepted all these gadgets from the Russians, he said, only to string them along and then denounce them at the right time to the British authorities. Asked the judge: "You felt that you could defeat the whole machinery of Soviet intelligence?"

And, also in London, one of the oddest of the spy cases came to light when the government admitted that it was granting asylum to Anatoly Dolnysyn, a former senior Russian intelligence officer who defected to the West 18 months ago, and had spent the intervening time being thoroughly pumped by U.S. and British agents. One reported result: the revelation that British Newsmen H.A.R. Philby was indeed the "third man" who enabled Spies Burgess and Maclean to escape arrest and flee to Russia in 1951. Last winter Philby, too, slipped behind the Iron Curtain just ahead of pursuing MI-5 agents. Although the government had made quite a show of asking the British press not to print the story, the authorities had in fact leaked it. Laborites charged that this possibly endangered Dolnysyn, who is somewhere in a British hideout, and that Dolnysyn was being unveiled now by Macmillan's government in the hope of claiming a spy success after so many security disasters.

Fingered Spies. So many Red spies are caught, probably because there are so many more of them around. The



PHYSICIST MARTELLI

Stringing along the Russians?

U.S. State Department estimates that the Communist nations employ more than 300,000 trained agents, who are helped in their prying by the "legal" spies attached to the 46 Soviet embassies and legations in the free world. (The U.S. operates with a crack corps of agents only about one-fifth as large.)

But why were so many Red spies coming to light at once? Whenever one great power has a big espionage roundup, as Russia did last May in the trial of Russian Scientist Oleg Penkovsky, who turned out to be a longtime Western agent, spies elsewhere brace themselves for a period of rough weather. Furthermore, there is a seasonal factor involved: summer is the traditional time to put the finger on spies. Around the end of June, many Communist "diplomats" prepare to go home for vacations and new instructions. Having had an eye on them already, the FBI then often decides to pounce and expose them before they can be reassigned.

Native Possion. One fact to emerge from the recent wave of arrests is that the Soviet apparatus seems sentimentally fond of such old cloak-and-dagger standbys as false bottoms in valises, hidden compartments in talcum-powder cans and toothpaste tubes, and flashlights with message chambers instead of batteries. A Russian spy's residence usually has as many trap doors, hollow beams, false walls, secret passages and double- and triple-locked doors as a Grade B horror movie.

Actually, agents both East and West have benefited enormously from far more modern devices. It is now possible to eavesdrop on a conversation held in the middle of an empty prairie by sim-

* Recently nabbed Red agents include Sweden's ex-Military Attaché Stig Wennerstrom; Russia's Ivan Egerov and wife, attached to the U.N. secretariat; two unidentified Russians caught in Washington using the names and papers of innocent living Americans, as well as a British corporal, a French naval reservist, a U.S. yeoman and half a dozen Russian, Rumanian and Czech diplomats.



NEGOTIATOR TENG

Lighting the lamps for China.

ply pointing a beam of light from 500 yards away. New cameras can take pictures in total darkness without the use of infra-red light. Finely ground lenses can zoom in from blocks away to pick up the fine print on an insurance policy. But the Soviets like the more old-fashioned and romantic gadgets, mostly, it seems, from a native passion for melodrama.

Triple Double

With some 125 East-bloc agents arrested every month in their divided country, Germans are blasé about spy stories. But the case that unfolded in a Karlsruhe courtroom last week proved that Bonn's vaunted Gehlen intelligence service had been infiltrated for ten years by the Reds, and that the organization had knowingly hired former Nazis. All three of the men on trial, longtime employees of Gehlen, were also longtime employees of the Soviet Union. By all odds, it was the most embarrassing spy scandal to hit West Germany since the war.

"I Hate Americans," Ex-Wehrmacht General Reinhard Gehlen, who is as secretive as any of his 5,000 men (his last known photograph dates from 1944), set up his outfit in 1947 with the cooperation of the CIA. It was staffed largely with veteran agents who got their training under the Nazis, although Gehlen himself had never joined the Nazi party. In 1955 the Gehlen apparatus was turned over from CIA control to the West German government; it reports directly to the Chancellor's office, has a top secret budget. Yet in court, the three men who penetrated its walled-in Munich headquarters made the feat sound about as difficult as joining a Bavarian marching and gymnastic society.

First of the trio to face the five red-robed judges at Karlsruhe was stocky Hans Clemens, 61, who peered with interest at an exhibit table covered with the tools of his trade: cameras, tape recorders, microscopes, radios, films and suitcases with secret compartments. As he told it, Clemens had been a pianist as a youth in Dresden, but changed keys and became a Nazi police official in 1933. He headed the Dresden office of the dreaded SS security service. During World War II he commanded an execution squad in Italy that killed 330 hostages and for his savagery won the title "The Tiger of Como."

Back in Germany after the war, he met a Colonel "Max" of Soviet intelligence, who suggested that he get a job with the Gehlen organization. It proved easy. The motive he gave for becoming a double agent for the Reds seemed like an old propaganda broadcast, "I hate Americans like the plague," he said in court, recalling that after American air raids on Dresden he had sworn, "I shall repay them doubly and triply."

Champagne in Streams. One major service Clemens performed for the Russians was to recruit a former SS colleague, Heinz Felde. Cool and articu-



SPY CLEMENS ON WAY TO COURT
Dancing at two weddings.

late, Defendant Felde, 45, told the judges that he too was an ardent Nazi, had worked his way up into Heinrich Himmler's state security bureau. He bragged of his wartime successes, which he claimed included getting first reports on Teheran and Yalta from a confidant of Allen Dulles. After war's end he was classified by a German denazification board as *unbelastet* (not incriminated). This astonishing fact was acknowledged by Presiding Judge Kurt Weber with an outraged "Donnerwetter!" (thunderation).

In 1947, just 18 months after Felde's release from a prisoner-of-war camp, he found spy work with the British, continuing with them until, as he put it, the British "ran out of money." Then his old friend Clemens made contact with him on orders from Colonel "Max," arranged a meeting in East Berlin, at which Felde was hired to work for the Soviets. The deal was clinched at a dinner at Max's villa, where the table "was piled high with food and

champagne poured in streams." Not long afterward, thanks to a recommendation from his friend Clemens, Felde was offered a job in the Gehlen service. "Now," he said, "I was to dance at two weddings, with the Russians and with Gehlen." Felde danced up fast in Gehlen's ranks, and by the time of his arrest in 1961 had become a department head in the counter-espionage division, specializing in anti-Soviet work.

Rewarding Investment. The worried-looking third member of the group, one Erwin Tiesel, merely served as courier for Felde and Clemens. The spies transmitted their information by microfilm hidden in food cans sent to East Germany, by drops along the *Autobahn*, or by frequent trips on U.S. Air Force courier flights to Berlin, which they boarded under the pretext of being on Gehlen business. The three got a total of \$78,000 from Moscow. For the investment, the Soviets got 15,000 microfilm photographs of West German intelligence documents, 20 spools of tape recordings, numerous verbal and radio reports, including the identity of many West German agents working behind the Iron Curtain.

As the testimony poured forth, the outcry from West Germany's press and public forced Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel to promise a "re-examination" of Gehlen's organization, and reportedly Gehlen will retire soon. Von Hassel added lamely: "There will always be cases of infiltration in any intelligence service." But the Gehlen group must have set a record of sorts. At one point, testified Felde, his Russian bosses urged him to get a transfer because there already was a surplus of Soviet agents in his department. Shortly before their arrest, added Felde, he and Clemens received letters of commendation and cash bonuses from the chairman of the Soviet Committee for State Security. Simultaneously, the two agents got citations for ten years' meritorious service—from General Gehlen.

BERLIN

Hedgehopping to Freedom

Refugees from behind the Iron Curtain have come into West Berlin over rooftops and underground, by foot, auto, train, bus, boat and armored car. Last week West Berlin welcomed the first to arrive by plane—Polish Air Force Major Richard Obacz, 34, his German-born wife Mary, 27, and their two small sons.

A jet test pilot stationed in northeast Poland, Major Obacz received official clearance to log extra flight time by flying his family to visit relatives in Szczecin (formerly Stettin), on the East German border. Obacz crammed his wife and two sons, Lester, 9, and Christopher, 5, into the rear seat of a prop-driven, two-seater training plane. Only after they were aloft did he tell them—over the plane's intercom—that he was making a break. To avoid Communist radar detection, he hedgehopped over



REFUGEE OBACZ & FAMILY
Traveling one way.



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BUSINESSMEN & DAMEN AT BERLIN DANCE



LUNCHEON CHASER

Amid the gorgeous gobbling wave, who knows what calories are?

the ground, never flew higher than 150 ft. throughout the entire 150-mile trip. When one Polish ground station called for his location, Obacz did not reply.

An hour after take-off, Obacz roared over West Berlin's Checkpoint Charlie at rooftop level, landed at Tempelhof Airport, and requested political asylum. "I fled because I was fed up," Obacz said. "I was tired of pressure. I wanted to work toward truth. We want the right to travel where we want, the right of free speech, the right to work for a good cause."

WEST GERMANY

The Adipose Society

Since the days when Hitler opted for guns rather than butter, West Germany has known near-starvation, austerity and, for the past decade, such heady abundance that today it has become the Adipose Society. Following the early '50s, when the postwar boom set off what Germans call the *Ledfresswelle*, the gorgeous gobbling wave, buttocks and bosoms have expanded even more rapidly than the economy, and doctors have recognized two universal ailments: *Doppelkinnepidemie*, double-chin epidemic, and *Hängebauch*, or bellyhang. The majority of Germans, from newborn babes to Cabinet ministers, are fatter today than at any other time in this century. A top dietetic authority estimates that 20% of all West Germans are overweight. In a new book titled *Grow Thin, but How?*, Dr. Andreas Dittler warns: "Corpulence is the dark side of the Economic Miracle."

Rearguard Action. The explosion of vital statistics is amply evident from the island of Sylt, where pneumatic nudists jounce across the beaches, to the Spanish coastline, where bulgy Brünhildes have already made the authorities regret their decision not to enforce a longtime ban on bikinis. West Germany's men's wear industry in recent years has had to add a new clothing classification, tactfully dubbed Boss or Manager size: nearly a quarter of all new clothes are now bought by cus-

tomers of managerial girth, while sales of "normal" sizes are diminishing.

French garment manufacturers who export to Germany sell a higher proportion of jumbo sizes (16 to 18) there than anywhere else. In most other countries, also, well-buttoressed women steer clear of such revealing clothes as stretch ski pants; in West Germany, according to the world-girdling Bogner stretch-pants concern, there is a steady demand for slipcover sizes.

Many German women are fighting a determined rearguard action, nonetheless. Sales of foundation garments have quadrupled since 1950, and slimming parlors have become almost as thick as Germany's beloved whipped cream. In Bonn, where a session at the stylish Salon der Figur ranges from \$6 for a plump pubescent to \$125 for a well-marbled dowager, Owner Helga Pietsch sighs: "Ninety percent of the German women who come in here don't even know what a calorie is."

Unconscious Eating. West Germany's government is doing its level best to teach them, for the incidence of arteriosclerosis and other fat-linked ailments is increasing relentlessly. The Society for Nourishment sends 50 lady dieticians around the country giving weight-reducing lectures, and has launched a counter-paunching offensive aimed at leavening factory meals. The average West German calorie intake is actually below U.S. and British levels, but such statistics do not account for beer, which pours down Teutonic throats at the annual rate of 432 glasses (100 calories per glass) for each man, woman and child. Besides, the average German consumes more starches and other lipogenic substances: 260 lbs. of potatoes, 155 lbs. of bread and 47 chocolate bars each year. German palates are not easily weaned away from such belt-straining delicacies as roast goose (150 calories for a good-sized helping) or *Kartoffelklösse* (more than 100 each), their famed potato dumplings. Throughout the country, women hold their midmorning *Kaffeeklatsch* at pastry shops that are as rich in caloric

temptation as the witch's cottage in *Hansel and Gretel*.

TV has also helped bring the country to polysaturation point by encouraging what doctors call "unconscious eating." To get through a poker hand with *Maverick*, Germans consume vast quantities of pretzels and pastries, and fill the gaps between snacks with *Erlrichshonbons*, refreshment candies. And they are increasingly reluctant to take exercise. Asks a garment industry official: "Who walks nowadays any more?"

Top Pots. If the automobile is a status symbol in Germany, so is the paunch. Like Julius Caesar ("Let me have men about me that are fat"), German voters consider that sheer heft makes a politician more trustworthy. While Konrad Adenauer has remained reasonably trim, many other politicians have visibly gone to pot. Bundestag Leader Heinrich von Brentano was a skinny 150-pounder when he was first elected in 1949, now weighs around 210. Former War Minister Franz Josef Strauss weighs about 270 lbs. Many top officers, notably Bundeswehr Inspector General Friedrich Foertsch, also sport unmarital potbellies.

Undisputed champion is Adenauer's chosen successor, stocky (5 ft. 10 in.) Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, who weighs about 220 lbs., but has soured far higher on occasion. Whenever a crisis threatens, such as the metalworkers' strike last May, Germans cry: "Let the fat man handle it." After settling the strike, Erhard drew roars of approval with the modest brag: "I threw my whole weight into it."

Some observers consider waistline inflation to be merely "a cultural lag" that will be corrected as Germans accept the idea that good times are there to stay. Others, including Sociologist René König, contend that German corpulence is a symptom of subconscious anxiety and guilt. If only for that reason, there seems little likelihood that Germans will ever again want lean and hungry leaders. "A thin Erhard?" asks König. "Never. Why, people wouldn't believe in West Germany's prosperity."

GREAT BRITAIN

A Foolish Display

For three days London's genteel West End looked like a battlefield. Near Buckingham Palace, squads of police grappled with leather-jacketed toughs, while chauffeured Bentleys delicately inched their way through. Wild-eyed girls with straggly black hair and blue-jeaned boys with golden tresses were frog-walked into paddy wagons. Some 200 people were jailed. Taking advantage of the chaos, a six-man gang waylaid the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, sped off in a white Jaguar with her jewels, worth \$200,000. Most

cused of Nazi sympathies, an old and absurdly exaggerated charge,* and of meddling too much in Greek politics, hardly a British concern. The anti-Greek chorus is made up of a motley collection of Communists, Socialists, anti-monarchists, vague crusaders in search of new causes, ban-the-bombers (including that foolish sage, Bertrand Russell), all of them joined in the London streets by joy-riding beatniks. Amazingly, they were also joined, in spirit, by Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson and Deputy Leader George Brown, who chose to boycott a banquet for the visitors—which could only raise questions about the mental health and stability of British politics.

Agents in Overall. For the royal visit, the Macmillan government mounted a security force that outdid even the

serving a life term for his part in the civil war.

That night, while the royal couples and 156 other guests dined in Buckingham Palace, 2,000 demonstrators poured into Trafalgar Square with banners proclaiming "Down with the Nazi Queen." The crowd seemed bent on storming the palace but encountered massed lines of bobbies b'ocking the way. Police helmets clattered across sidewalks, fists flew, traffic stalled, and prancing police horses bowled over crowds. Rioters fought off cops from atop a double-deck bus. A few youths who made it to the Mall were stopped by flying tackles.

'Siege Heill' For the next night, so that the royal party could see Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in near-perfect security, the Foreign Of-



QUEEN ELIZABETH & KING PAUL



QUEEN FREDERIKA

shocking of all, for the first time in her eleven-year reign. Queen Elizabeth II was booed by her own people.

Cause of the trouble was the long-expected, long-disputed state visit to Britain by Greece's King Paul and Queen Frederika. Fearing precisely the kind of left-wing demonstrations that occurred last week, Greek Premier Constantine Karamanlis advised against the trip, resigned when the royal couple refused to bow to pressure and decided to go anyway. British political critics base their case against the King and Queen largely on the fact that Greek jails still contain about 1,000 prisoners seized more than a decade ago during the civil war; most are believed to be Communist, and the Greeks point out that they are being gradually released anyway (the original number of prisoners was 4,000). The Queen is also ac-



LONDON MOB PROTESTING VISIT

Communists, crusaders, beatniks—and Harold Wilson.

Bulgarian-Khrushchev welcome in 1956. On hand were 5,000 police, including plainclothesmen in everything from morning coats to overalls. As the royal procession of carriages clip-clopped from Victoria Station, where Elizabeth greeted them, to Buckingham Palace, a woman burst from the crowd and shrieked: "Release my husband!" She turned out to be Mrs. Betty Ambatielos, 45, the English wife of Antonios Ambatielos, a Greek Communist

* Born Princess of Hanover, Frederika is a granddaughter of Kaiser Wilhelm II (and a great-great-granddaughter of Britain's Queen Victoria, which also makes her a British princess and a third cousin of Queen Elizabeth). When Frederika was a year old, her family moved from Germany to Austria, where she spent most of her childhood. As a girl, she supposedly belonged to a Hitlerite youth group. In school in Italy during her late teens, at a time when three of her brothers served in the *Wehrmacht*, she was heard to defend Nazi Germany. That is about the only fact her critics can cite to support their case. After marrying Paul in 1938, Frederika fled Greece under Nazi bombardment, lived in exile in Egypt and South Africa until the end of the war.

fice had bought up all 1,100 tickets to the Aldwych theater, distributed them to a select audience that included leaders of London's Greek community. Shortly before curtain time, a false report that a bomb had been planted in the theater led to the additional spectacle of police in evening clothes combing the royal box with a mine detector.

Held back by six rows of police, 1,500 people outside greeted the royal arrivals with an ugly din of boos, hisses and mocking shouts of "Siege heill!" and "fascist swine." Thousands of others cheered. After the play, Queen Elizabeth left the theater alone, and was greeted by another chorus of boos. She looked startled and dismayed. It was probably the first time that British royalty had been so publicly humiliated at home since Edward VII was hissed at Epsom in the last century after rumor involved him as a correspondent in a divorce case.

Worse than Woolly. Next day, Greek Premier Panayotis Pipinelis, who accompanied the King and Queen, granted Mrs. Ambatielos a 45-minute hear-



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ing, whereupon she calmed down. Back in Greece, 19 of the prisoners (not including Ambatielos) were freed. At week's end the royal couple quietly returned to Greece. Said Frederika before she left: "The decision to come to Britain for a state visit was the right one, absolutely right. I am not worried about these few people who demonstrated. The memory I have is of the warm reception we were given on our arrival."

In Britain the foolish display of the anti-Greek demonstrators left unpleasant echoes. Those behind the riots, wrote the Daily Mirror, "are not merely leading woolly-minded undergraduates in woolly-minded peace protests; they are providing a shield for mischievous Communist agitation." The paper noted that "Greece is about the only country in eastern Europe free from dictatorship," then posed a question that self-adverted idealists have yet to answer: When was the last time they demonstrated in behalf of the political prisoners of Lithuania or Estonia or Latvia or Poland or Hungary or Rumania or Bulgaria or East Germany or Czechoslovakia?

Sex & the Class War

The Profumo scandal was re-examined last week from the viewpoint of applied political science and the class war:

► Prime Minister Harold Macmillan candidly admitted to the Daily Express that "the young voter is bored with me" and that the "young ministers I put in a year ago may want to get rid of the old gentleman at the top." During the height of the scandal, said Mac, it was "touch and go" several days on his "chucking it all in." Added Mac: "If it had not been for my wife and loyal staff here, I don't think I could have got through. But I soon decided that there was one essential duty to perform. I was determined that no British government should be brought down by the action of two tarts."

► In the letters column of the intellectual, leftist New Statesman, Christine Keeler and Marilyn ("Mandy") Rice-Davies were being analyzed in the somewhat different role as standard bearers of the proletariat. "Here was a section of working-class girls being sold as instruments to satisfy the sexual needs of the upper class," wrote Mathematician Hyman Levy, "while at the same time, there were no upper-class girls being recruited to satisfy the sexual needs of the working class." Levy was ironically seconded by Teacher M. L. Swan: "With a few fortunate exceptions—gamekeepers and other comrades who have infiltrated the enemy's camp—we are prevented by a gigantic class conspiracy from enjoying the daughters of our rulers and employers. If the phrase 'equality of opportunity'

is to be more than a figure of speech in Britain today, this discrimination must go." Aristocrats already "open their houses to the public at a small charge," added Swan. If they want to prove their interest in social reform, they need only consider "a slight extension of the services normally provided."

MALAYSIA

The Quads

Quintuplets were expected, quadruplets appeared. That was the story in London last week when government and colonial leaders signed the birth certificate of a new British Commonwealth nation. It was the Federation



ABDUL RAHMAN SIGNING AGREEMENT
Papa was not dismayed.

of Malaysia, which was to be composed of independent Malaya, self-governing Singapore, and the three British territories of Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo. But at the last moment, the oil-sodden sultanate of Brunei pulled out of the agreement in a fit of pique over the final terms of federation.

Macy's v. Gimbels, Brunei's sudden defection came after weeks of cliff-hanging negotiations between Malaya's shrewd Prime Minister Tunku (Prince) Abdul Rahman, father of the federation scheme, and Singapore's brilliant, mercurial Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. Though the Tunku had demanded that Singapore kick in 55% of its revenues to the federal treasury, Lee managed to whittle the figure down to 40%. But overplaying his hand, he then held out for 39%. So infuriated was the Tunku at this Macy's v. Gimbels tactic that he delivered an ultimatum to Singapore to get in the federation or stay out and refused to go to London for the final bargaining sessions.

In London Lee demanded that the British compensate Singapore for continued use of the island's naval and military facilities. Britain came through with an offshore island and an officers' club golf course, which Lee promised to turn into a botanical garden. But

when the negotiations turned to such basic matters as Singapore's continued status as a free port and its financial contribution to the underdeveloped Borneo territories, the discussions bogged down.

As the impasse continued, Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys took over as arbitrator. Sandys' "absolute dedication and zeal," said Lee, "equaled that of any dedicated Communist I've ever had the misfortune to meet." Goaded, guiding, persuading, cajoling, Sandys kept the negotiators up to the small hours of the morning for four consecutive nights. "On every occasion, we passed the time when Cinderella crumbled," said Lee. "On two occasions, we greeted the dawn."

Sulking Sultan. When a breakthrough seemed near, Abdul Rahman flew to London, sat in his hotel suite waiting for the signing ceremony. When a last obstacle appeared, Sandys persuaded Lee to iron it out privately with the Tunku. The final agreement compromised on financial issues. Singapore will loan money to the Borneo territories rather than give it outright, and a federation common market will gradually replace Singapore's free-port status.

Brunei's withdrawal only slightly jeopardizes this arrangement. Brunei's rich, reactionary Sultan is mainly sulking over Abdul Rahman's apathy toward his ambition to play a big ceremonial role in the new Malaysia. But both the Sultan and the Tunku privately admit their readiness to renew negotiations. Optimistically, the Tunku announced: "This family has been nicely settled. There is going to be a happy Malaysia."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Suicide in Many Forms

A South Vietnamese novelist and politician named Nguyen Tuong Tam sent his sons out to buy a bottle of whisky one night last week. For a while he sat drinking with them at his home in Saigon. "My sons, I feel very happy tonight," he said. "I am going to die very soon." Suddenly he keeled over, was rushed to a hospital where he died next morning. In his glass was found a lethal dose of cyanide.

Novelist Tam, 58, was a revolutionary leader in Indo-China's war against the French. But after independence in 1954, he grew increasingly disenchanted with the authoritarian rule of South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem. Fortnight ago, Diem's government charged Tam and 34 others with treason by conspiring to overthrow the President in an abortive coup attempt in November 1960. It was just two days before the scheduled trial that Tam committed suicide, and he explained why in a note he left behind. "The arrest and trial of all nationalist opponents of the regime is a crime that will force the nation into the hands of the Communists," he wrote. "I oppose this crime, and I kill myself as a warning

◄ Which led the New York Herald Tribune to Swiftly headline its story:

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BRITAIN SAYS EARLY



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Dragging Feet. Diem's government moved quickly to head off demonstrations over Tam's death, posthumously acquitted him of all conspiracy charges at the Saigon treason trial. At the same time, the prosecutors tried to implicate the U.S. as being behind the 1960 coup; the charge was vigorously denied by the U.S. At the end of the trial, government judges sentenced 20 defendants to prison terms ranging from five to eight years; nine others who had fled the country after the attempted coup were sentenced to death *in absentia*.

Tam's suicide and the Saigon trial served once again to stoke South Viet Nam's smoldering religious and political crisis. Last month Buddhist Monk Thich Quang Duc burned himself to death on a Saigon street corner in protest against restrictions imposed on the country's 12 million Buddhists by Diem's predominantly Roman Catholic regime. After a series of nationwide demonstrations, the government, under U.S. prodding, yielded to Buddhist demands and granted them equal religious and political standing with the nation's 1,500,000 Catholics. But influenced by his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, who believes that the Buddhists are Red dupes, the militantly Catholic Diem has dragged his feet in implementing these concessions. Many Vietnamese Buddhists, says Nhu, "have become fanatic, lost their common sense, and are ready to follow anyone who knows how to exploit them under the banner of religion." This was the kind of dogged anti-Buddhist attitude that has dangerously undercut government support. Already one general has resigned his field command in protest over government hanging of the Buddhist issue.

Simple Reason. Diem's intransigence has dismayed U.S. officials, who fear that mounting Buddhist discontent can only hinder the war effort against the Viet Cong, just when it is beginning to go well. Over the past year, government forces and their 14,000 U.S. military "advisers" have vastly increased their mobility and striking power against the Red guerrillas. More than 7,000 "strategic hamlets" have been built, now protect 8,000,000 Vietnamese from Viet Cong raids.

Despite all misgivings, the U.S. still stands behind Diem for a simple reason that he himself spelled out in a blunt warning last week: "For a moment, imagine that another government replaces this one: it could not help resulting in civil war and dreadful dictatorship." Washington has considered alternatives to Diem, but fears that the confusion of a coup could only benefit the Viet Cong and might end up with

—Watching one Buddhist demonstration in Saigon last week, nine U.S. reporters were jostled by government police and had their cameras smashed. The cops said the reporters had started the row. The vociferous anti-Diem U.S. press corps in Saigon protested to President Kennedy.



NGUYEN TUONG TAM

"I kill myself as a warning..."

a regime no better than the present one. Thus U.S. Ambassador Frederick Nolting, who is soon to be replaced by Henry Cabot Lodge, returned to Saigon from Washington consultations last week with a personal message of confidence for Diem from John Kennedy.

But Nolting also lightly rapped Diem on the knuckles for letting the Buddhist crisis continue. "The U.S. stands for and supports freedom of religion for all people," he said. "It would be a tragedy if the gains against the Viet Cong were wiped out by dissensions among Vietnamese citizens, who desire above all freedom of choice for themselves and for their country."

SOUTH AFRICA

Family Troubles

Family Day in South Africa is an expanded version of Mother's or Father's Day—a time for all kinfolk to get together. South Africa's whites and blacks last week celebrated the holiday in ironically contrasting ways. While whites picnicked or frolicked on beaches, thousands of blacks mourned the absence of relatives—who were either banished or behind bars.

Under the country's maze of white-supremacist *apartheid* rules, nonwhites may be banished from urban areas to distant villages for a variety of causes. Example: workers who have been in a city for 20 years or more may be sent back home at once if they lose their job. Others, after a lifetime's residence in South Africa, find their wives "endorsed out" under the new restrictions if the women were born outside South Africa. In western Cape Province alone, 500 men and women are now banished monthly. Even worse is the plight of some 5,800 nonwhites jailed

—A colloquialism possibly growing out of the elaborate paperwork involved in South Africa's rigid control of blacks.

in recent months as part of the government's antisabotage drive, which increased South Africa's prison population to a record of some 67,700 (out of a total population of 15 million).

Bread & Water. This grim aspect of the holiday was bitterly marked by the Black Sash Organization, a handful of courageous white matrons, who oppose *apartheid*. Said their spokesman: "Family Day becomes a farce when so many of our African families are disrupted." Wearing their customary black sashes, members of the group went into retreat, sat in bare rooms on hard chairs for 24 hours of complete silence, eating only bread and water.

The leaders of Africa's new black nations observed Family Day in their own manner, by trying to expel South Africa from what is still occasionally known as the family of nations. Later this month, black leaders will propose sanctions against South Africa, and possibly its expulsion from the U.N. The U.S., while violently disapproving of *apartheid*, will probably abstain in any vote on the grounds that expelling all countries whose domestic policies are reprehensible could pretty quickly destroy the U.N.

"Top Polecat." Not overly concerned whether they are in or out of the club, South Africa's leaders simply went on buying modern weapons, including French jet fighters, to crush any possible black rebellion (this year South Africa's defense budget will reach a record high of \$180 million). Reporting on "sabotage schools" in neighboring black countries, Justice Minister Vorster said: "We are dealing with stupid people who are power-drunk. But we are ready for whatever they are planning against South Africa." Said Afrikaaner Student Leader Tertius Delpont, referring to the country's growing international isolation: "The white South Africa has become the polecat of the world."

PEOPLE

Even an old conservationist like **Teddy Roosevelt** could hardly ask for more. The Manhattan brownstone where he was born and Sagamore Hill, the Long Island home where he died, were given to the U.S. by the Theodore Roosevelt Association. The new national monuments are "Theodore Roosevelt as no other tangible thing in this world today is," said Interior Secretary Stewart Udall as he accepted for the government. And then, with his own conservation plans in mind, Udall enlisted T.R.'s posthumous support. "The deterioration of our environment has been the paramount conservation failure of the post-war years," said Udall. "Theodore Roosevelt would not view such deterioration without alarm."

As befits a real estate tycoon, he had three private phones at his elbow—one to the office, one to the outside world and one to the rostrum, 75 ft. away. But all those hot lines could not break the ice at the giant auction in the grand ballroom of Manhattan's Astor Hotel. In need of some hard cash, **William Zeckendorf**, 58, put 25 New York City properties up for grabs, hoping to get more than \$7,500,000. Only ten of them drew any bid at all, sold for a near-minimum \$2,622,000 (which will be whittled down to a mere \$1,575,000 when Zeckendorf pays off the mortgages). Unbowed, Zeckendorf boomed, "It wasn't so bad," and vowed to stage a bigger show in September—this time with properties worth \$20 million on the block.

"I suppose the intelligent thing to have done would have been to be a little more false and flowery," grouched **Stirling Moss**, 33, after Acton (West London) Chief Driving Examiner Cyril Smith flunked him in his bid to renew a lapsed motor-scooter license. But he could still buzz around with the red "L" learner plates on the purple scooter. And there went the retired auto-racing



LEARNER MOSS & SCOOTER
"False and flowery."

champion, looking pretty purple himself in top hat and tails—until he explained that he was on his way to his sister's wedding reception.

The house party at Seal Harbor, Me., was a quiet family affair—the four Murphy children, Happy and Governor **Nelson Rockefeller**, who was celebrating his 55th birthday. After ice cream and a large birthday cake (with only one candle), Happy gave her husband a blue sailing shirt and two cashmere sweaters, and the kids gave their new stepfather birthday cards. Then for six days the New York Governor relaxed in the privacy of his vacation retreat and indulged an irresistible yen for Maine lobster—at almost every meal except breakfast.

"Here comes the star of the show," chortled **Cassius Marcellus Clay**, 21, and for once he didn't mean himself. With



GREAT-GRANDMA GREATHOUSE & RELATIVES
"Roots of a champion."

Brother **Rudolph Valentino Clay**, 20, he was escorting his paternal great-grandmother, **Mrs. Betsy Greathouse** ("The roots of a great champion," says Cassius), to her 99th birthday party. "It's a shame," he added, turning serious for a change. "I get all this attention for nothing, and she's never had her name in the paper."

It might be a long time between elephant rides for Economist **John Kenneth Galbraith**, 54, returning to Harvard after more than two years as U.S. Ambassador to India. Saying his good-byes in New Delhi, the lanky professor paid a last visit with his family to the zoo, where they once spent a few queasy minutes getting used to the pachyderm pace. Though a certain tension had developed between Galbraith and his colleagues back home in Foggy Bottom,



RIDER GALBRAITH & FAMILY
"Pleased, extremely pleased."

he declared himself "pleased, extremely pleased" with his tour of duty. India apparently was pleased too. In a rare break with protocol, Prime Minister **Nehru** publicly lauded Galbraith. "I am sorry he is going. He is a brilliant man and has helped India in many ways. We are thankful to him for all that he has done."

"Somewhere there's mu-u-u-sic, how high the moon?" sang the twelve voices of **Mary Ford**, while **Les Paul** furiously strummed what sounded like a million electric guitars. From 1948 to 1953, their "new sound" sold millions of hit recordings such as *Tennessee Waltz* and *Mockin'bird Hill*. While rock 'n' roll eventually knocked them off the top of the platter heap, the electronically blended couple remained a TV and nightclub attraction. But alas, after 14 years of marriage, there was no mu-u-u-sic somewhere. Mary is now suing for separate maintenance on the ground of mental cruelty.

He already belonged to one of the most exclusive clubs on earth. And last week **Norman Dyhrenfurth**, 44, leader of last May's U.S. assault on Mount Everest, joined another rarefied company. At White House ceremonies, President Kennedy handed him the National Geographic Society's seldom awarded (only 21 times in 57 years) Hubbard Medal, which put him among such trail blazers as Admiral **Richard E. Byrd**, Colonel **Charles Lindbergh** and—fittingly—Sir **Edmund Hillary**. The president also passed out replicas of the gold medal to the rest of Dyhrenfurth's 20-man American team, and to Nawang Gombu, the diminutive Sherpa mountaineer who helped Expedition Member **James Whitaker**, 34, plant the Stars and Stripes atop Everest for the first time.



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BEVERLY HILLS HIGH SCHOOL & SUMMER STUDENTS
Shunning sunning for learning.

EDUCATION

SCHOOLS

As Private as Public Can Be

Is it a lavish Los Angeles motel? A used Thunderbird lot? Or Steve McQueen's palatial pad? No, it is Beverly Hills High School, a pink stucco hacienda that boasts 1,750 over-achieving students, a producing oil well on the premises, a summer school in France and spotless academic credentials. Gloats one teacher: "It's the nearest thing to a private school that a public school can be."

Such is the lure of Beverly Hills High that it outdraws the beach even in July. This year 80% of its kids are shunning sunning for learning at fulltime summer school; a couple of dozen others are abroad in Nantes, toiling at art, literature and history taught in French. Hardly any of the summer students are flunkies trying to catch up. The extra work will not get them to college a minute sooner. They just like it. "It's the day of the egghead," chortles Chemistry Teacher Lawrence Lynch. A measure of the results is that last year Beverly Hills' school average on the national Iowa Tests of Educational Development was in the 99th percentile.

Ferment & Passion. Nourishing this flower of public education is one of the richest cities in the U.S. Beverly Hills (pop. 32,000) has families getting along on \$10,000 or so. But much of it is a lotus land of rich brokers, industrialists, movie producers, and more psychiatrists per psyche than anywhere else in the country. Going for it is an assessed real-estate valuation of \$239 million and the smallest ratio of schoolchildren to population (about 1 to 7) in California. As a result, it has the lowest school-tax rate of any sizable school district in the state, but the tax take is nonetheless so high that Beverly Hills

spends almost twice as much per student as the average for Los Angeles County.

Predominantly Jewish, Beverly Hills is passionate for learning. "There is more intellectual ferment here than any place in the country," claims School Psychologist John J. Morgenstern. So advanced are the elementary schools that youngsters entering the high school from elsewhere get 20% lower grades than home-honed products. Dropouts are almost unthinkable, and of 1962's 376 graduates, at least 352 went on to college.

Culture at 7:30 a.m. Beverly Hills High gets relatively few children of Hollywood stars. Many are whisked off to boarding schools for "convenience." The result makes Beverly all the more stable. Psychologist Morgenstern finds delinquency almost unknown: "We don't have the acting-out kids, the shove-it-up kids, the violently self-assertive kids." Beverly's main problem is that such homogeneous isolation removes it a bit from the real world.

With classes averaging only 25 students, Beverly Hills' teachers exult in teen-agers who devour not only college calculus but European university texts. "Intellectual enrichment" is so big at Beverly that 100 kids show up at 7:30 every morning for noncredit seminars on such matters as "The Social Responsibility of the Scientist." The school has 60 clubs, a college-level literary magazine, first-rate music groups, theater workshops, and art classes that fill one wing of the building. Its team teaching system cuts some teachers' classloads to 15 hours a week, allowing research for thoughtful lectures to colleagues as well as students. Last fall the entire school district launched a twelve-year language sequence. The result, says Superintendent Kenneth L. Peters, will "enable a student to speak, read and



TRAINING IN TITRATION

write a foreign language at a level approaching his proficiency in English."

Topping all California junior colleges, Beverly Hills now offers incentive-plan teaching salaries of up to \$14,000 a year. For five or ten job openings a year it gets as many as 2,000 applications. "Teachers are not treated like children here," says Social Studies Instructor Herbert V. Dodge. "You feel like a real professional." Equally satisfying, the children refuse to be unequal. "There's no automatic respect given here," says Physiology Teacher Charles Herbst. "They expect you to challenge them. You can't be mediocre and stay."

UNIVERSITIES

New Breed for Emory

Atlanta's ambitious Emory University, which had searched a year for a new president, last week snagged just the man. He is Sanford Soverhill Atwood, 50, pipe-smoking provost of Cornell University. In grabbing Presbyterian Atwood, the trustees, who by charter are two-thirds Methodists, happily broke a tradition of Methodists as presidents that goes clear back to the school's founding 127 years ago. Atwood simply "swept this campus by storm," said Acting President Judson C. Ward.

Agronomist Atwood is a Phi Beta Kappa out of the University of Wisconsin, where he simultaneously earned B.A. and M.A. degrees, later got his doctorate in plant cytology. He went to Cornell in 1944 as an expert on developing new kinds of hay and other forage crops, became dean of the graduate school in 1953 and provost of the university in 1955. Popular with the faculty, Atwood might have succeeded Cornell's retiring President Deane W. Malott. This spring the job went to an outsider, Carnegie Corporation Vice President James A. Perkins, and Emory feels all the richer.

Refreshing Pause. Atwood credits Emory with "the greatest potential of any private university in the country." New presidents always talk that way, but Emory has plenty of promise. Named for an early Methodist bishop,



How new Total bagged 20% more summer sales!

"Our new product TOTAL offers a day's vitamin supply in a bowl of breakfast cereal. Shortly after we introduced it, sales levelled off. Something had to be done in TOTAL'S critical first summer to give it a boost when vitamin sales are normally low," reports C. W. Plattes, Director of Marketing, General Mills Cereals.

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chandise this advertising to the hilt. During that summer, sales moved up 20%... and they have been excellent ever since.

"The Digest still plays a major role in TOTAL'S advertising. And like the cereal itself, it has all the necessary ingredients for healthy growth. In one broad sweep The Digest reaches and sells the TOTAL market."

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NYR4



it was born a country college in Oxford, Ga., had a heady rebirth in 1915 after the Methodist Church divorced Tennessee's Vanderbilt University. Having dumped Vandy, the Methodists launched two new universities—Emory and Southern Methodist in Dallas. Atlanta's Coca-Cola King Asa G. Candler gave land and \$1,000,000—leading to a short-lived suggestion that Emory be renamed for Thomas Coke, another early bishop. Thus lured to Atlanta, Emory still drinks from the same bottle. Coca-Cola money accounts for about half its \$70 million assets, and the current Coke king, Alumnus Robert Woodruff, is Emory's biggest single angel.

An odd pile of Italian Renaissance buildings huddled on a sweeping, 500-acre campus, Emory has 4,200 students, one-third of them women. Graduate students set the pace, and sports are played down, giving Emory a bookish sobriety. Last fall it beat down in the courts a Georgia law threatening its tax-exempt status if it integrated. This fall it expects to enroll half a dozen Negroes, including Hamilton Holmes, the University of Georgia's first male Negro graduate, who will become Emory's first Negro medical student.

Law & Medicine. Emory has the Deep South's first fully accredited law school and a topflight medical school that supervises six hospitals, delivers 7,000 babies a year, has a \$3,000,000 research budget. Medical alumni include two of the world's leading cancer fighters: Drs. John R. Heller Jr. and the late Thomas M. Rivers. The university also produced three noted historians—Yale's C. Vann Woodward, Virginia's Dumas Malone, Stanford's David Potter—plus Columbia Classicist Moses Hadas (see story below). Goller Bobby Jones and the late Veep Alben Barkley.

Although it overshadows such Southern universities as Georgia, Mississippi



HADAS IN MANHATTAN

and South Carolina, Emory still ranks below the Southern likes of Duke, Tulane, Virginia, Vanderbilt and North Carolina. Bemused by its Coke money, Emory for years neglected to cultivate other givers, and now pays full professors badly enough to get a "D" salary rating from the American Association of University Professors. Unable to raid other faculties or fully expand its plant, Emory may need \$100 million in the next decade to win the rank it wants—a place among the nation's top 20 universities. To get the university moving, President Atwood probably will boost Emory's already good graduate training and research. Last week he began by jolting the faculty with a needed dose of self-esteem. Said he as they beamed: "You people are twice as good as you think you are."

TEACHING

Lectures on the Phone

A segregationist Mississippi law forbids Negro state colleges to hire white teachers. Last week Moses Hadas, the famed Columbia University classicist, slipped around the law without ever leaving Manhattan. Picking up the telephone, he lectured for an hour through his luxuriant white beard to 500 rapt students at four Negro colleges in Louisiana and Mississippi. His subject: the religious roots of Greek drama. The phone bill was \$100, a pittance paid by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which thus demonstrated one of education's cheapest, handiest new ideas.

"Telelectures" were pioneered at the University of Omaha, where Linguist Michel Beilis was saddled with the problem of luring big time lecturers to a distant and none-too-rich campus. Author Harry Golden, for example, set his price as "\$1,500 just to lecture, \$1,700 if I



TELECLASS AT SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY

A way around a law.

have to answer questions, \$2,000 if I have to have cookies with the ladies." But by phone Beilis got the Golden word from North Carolina for a cut-rate \$214—\$64 for the call and \$150 for Harry. Omaha has since staged telelectures with eminences all over, from Anthropologist Margaret Mead in Manhattan to Psychologist B. F. Skinner at Harvard.

The technique is what telephone men call a "glorified conference call." From any phone, operators can arrange a call involving as many as five parties at station-to-station rates. For lectures, the phone company hooks an amplifier (\$30 a month maximum) to the phone at the audience end. A microphone hooked to the same phone allows the audience to ask questions. Innovator Beilis, who now works for A.T.&T., is swamped with requests by colleges from Dartmouth to U.C.L.A. that want to swap star scholars by phone.

Classicist Hadas spoke to Negro high school teachers in the first of 18 telelectures on "Great Ideas in Antiquity," a credit course that uses a paperback library of classical drama (cost: \$5.70). Mississippi's Jackson State College suggested the theme; the Fund for the Advancement of Education will spend \$10,000 for the series. At Louisiana's Southern University, students prepped for a month and took a one-hour exam before Hadas even opened his mouth. Hadas considers the idea not as good as "a flesh-and-blood teacher, even a bad one." But since even a bad Hadas is unavailable to the Louisiana and Mississippi students, Hadas ended his first talk feeling "quite elated."

So did the Fund, which, to make an extra point, bounced part of the program off Telstar II and showed that telelectures could be transmitted to darkest Africa as well as the South.



PRESIDENT ATWOOD
A dose of self-esteem.



OZAWA AT LEWISOHN STADIUM
Oh, to be older and German.

CONDUCTORS

The Anguish of Being Young & Thin & Japanese

From the steep stone bleachers of Manhattan's Lewisohn Stadium, the skinny conductor who walked onto the outdoor stage last week seemed miles away. But once he began conducting, Seiji Ozawa caught every eye. As exhilarating as the final accelerando of Tchaikovsky's *Fourth Symphony* were the dancelike body movements with which Ozawa conducted it. His expressive left hand seemed everywhere, searching out the lyrical underpinnings of Borodin's *Second*. He found them, and New York critics unanimously agreed that musically little Seiji was a giant in the making.

Ozawa, 27, is already a conductor honored in many lands, but not in his own. He left Japan four years ago, successively won first place (and 100,000 francs) in the *Concours International de Jeunes Chefs d'Orchestre*, the Koussevitzky Memorial Scholarship for the best young conductor at Tanglewood, and a place at the side of Leonard Bernstein as an assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

Only in Tokyo did the rising young conductor fall flat. He returned there between Western triumphs last year, was signed by Japan's prestigious NHK (Japanese Broadcasting Corp.) Orchestra to a six-month, \$10,000 contract. Proudly, he got up on the podium to display the sweeping conducting technique reminiscent of Bernstein. But his imported hip-swinging was wasted on the musicians of the NHK. For 36 years they had served Germanic masters, who stylistically frowned on conducting exertions more noticeable than an occasional swing of the index finger. The sight of

the flailing young conductor reminded a critic of "a samurai warrior leading his men to battle." Soon the NHK ranks were brewing a mutiny. When the musicians said "Ozawa's full of air and showmanship, but little that's real art," he demanded apologies. Instead, he got fired. Refusing to believe his bad luck, Ozawa went to the concert hall anyway and, alone and forlorn, awaited his orchestra. It never turned up.

Ever since, poor Seiji has believed that all 5 ft. 6 in. and 125 lbs. of him is somehow not enough to command respect on a podium. He downed quarts of beer every day in an effort to build a stocky German silhouette, to no avail. "It would be ideal to be older and German," he mused. "But can I help being young and thin and Japanese?"

New York has been willing to overlook his silhouette. The Philharmonic has signed Ozawa as an assistant conductor for a month-long tour of the U.S. Before heading for the Hollywood Bowl next month, he has a guest slot to fill conducting the orchestra of The Hague. In the fall, Ozawa will be one of the first guest conductors of the Montreal Symphony at the new Place des Arts. Before each concert he eats rice and Japanese vegetables, lest he lose weight and look even younger. "On your beefsteak I lose my appetite," he worries. "I would grow thinner."

In the Chamber at Spoleto

During the evenings at Gian Carlo Menotti's Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds, the goings-on were grand. Festive Roman audiences wildly applauded Luchino Visconti's lavish production of *La Traviata*. The *Messiah* was sung on the moonlit Piazza del Duomo that it might satisfy all the senses. When the festival's sixth season neared its close, Founder Menotti looked ahead anxiously. "Everyone," he sighed last week, "expects exceptional productions. It's really tough figuring out how I will keep it up during the next ten years."

Bed & Board. But this year, at least, one of the most highly acclaimed offerings at Spoleto was one of the least glamorous. At the unlikely hour of noon, S.R.O. audiences jammed the 370-seat white-and-gold Teatro Caio Melisso for one-hour chamber-music concerts. Most came in shirtsleeves, and the musicians were equally casual. Programs were not printed, but scrawled on a blackboard outside the theater only a few hours before curtain time. They were still subject to change whenever someone in the audience shouted a request loudly enough.

Just such intimacy between musicians and audiences once characterized performances of chamber music and was one of its greatest strengths. But the rapport was broken when chamber music moved into large concert halls, for which it was never intended. Four

seasons ago, deciding that "Italy has gone through great decadence in chamber music," Menotti launched the mid-day series at Spoleto as a long-shot restorative. Each summer since, about 50 similarly dedicated instrumentalists and singers from abroad have turned up for the series on nothing more than Menotti's promise of bed and board. They have performed everything from 13th century motets to Korean twelve-tone, are directed by Georgia-born Pianist Charles Wadsworth, a noted lieder accompanist who performed at one of Jackie Kennedy's White House soirées.

Classical Jam Session. This season big-name musicians performing at the festival's full-dress evening productions began to treat the chamber-music series as a sort of classical jam session. Thomas Schippers, who conducted the Spoleto *Messiah*, stopped by to play piano duets with a series regular, John Browning. Last week Browning backed up U.S. Conductor Robert La Marchina (*Traviata*), who was up early for the sake of a tuneless Rachmaninoff piano-cello sonata. What's more, the musicians' enthusiasm for the series seems to be shared by an Italian concert pub-



SCHIPPERS & BROWNING
Bring back the glow and rapport.

lic long uninterested in chamber music. "One of the most original and happily realized formulas of the festival," glowed Rome's *Il Giornale d'Italia*. The Italian radio network helpfully broadcast most of the chamber music from Spoleto; and a bank manager in Rome, getting wind of an especially good program of quartets, promptly closed his branch and rushed off to the festival matinee with his entire staff in tow.



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THE PRESS

STRIKES

A Matter of Motive

In front of a pale green building on Honolulu's Kapiolani Boulevard one day last week, a band of ukuleles and a bass fiddle plunked out a rhythmic island tune. In the midday sun, languid, aloha-shirted islanders meandered back and forth along the sidewalk carrying their signs, pausing now and then for a swig of pineapple juice or to chat with a passer-by. The occasion was neither a luau nor a festival, but the visible evidence of the first strike in more than 100 years of Hawaiian newspaper publishing history.

In its third week, the seven-union walkout led by the Newspaper Guild against the morning *Advertiser* and afternoon *Star-Bulletin*, Hawaii's only two island-wide dailies, has become a contest of wills between hardheaded Financier



JACK HALL

employees to strike, and told them how to do it. Last week Hall spelled out his purpose frankly. The strike, he said, "will give the impetus to organization of many more white-collar workers here."

Charging that this kind of talk proves that the motive for the strike has little to do with dollars and cents, Ho said he would hold out against the unions for six months if necessary. But at week's end Realist Ho was back at the bargaining table with the unions just in case a quick settlement was possible.

THE LAW

Warning to Pirates

Nothing is more certain to send an editor through the roof than to see his exclusive stories turn up without credit in the next edition of the rival newspaper or hear them on the local radio sta-



CHINN HO

And a contest of wills.

Chinn Ho, who dominates both papers, and Jack Hall, the tough boss of militant unionism in the islands.

At first the unions wanted an across-the-board pay raise of \$10 a week. The publishers offered a sliding scale downward from \$3.50. The gap narrowed to the point where there was only \$2.75 separating their positions. But negotiations broke down, and the strike was on. Ho, the Oriental bank messenger who became a millionaire in real estate, said that management had not even had time to present its final offer.

There were obviously issues that never got to the bargaining table. Mainland-born Hall, who sailed to Hawaii in 1935, teamed up with West Coast Labor Boss Harry Bridges and now presides over a diminishing domain of plantation and dock workers, has been looking for a way to organize Hawaii's white-collar workers. With a small unit of his own union controlling some circulation-department workers and with the Guild seeking his counsel, Hall urged the *Advertiser* and *Star-Bulletin* em-

tion's newscast. The practice is so widespread and so deep-rooted in tradition that most editors do no more than fume about it. One who did is Managing Editor Shandy Hill of Pennsylvania's Pottstown Mercury, who was irked for years by what he claimed was the lifting of his news items by a local broadcaster. After a long battle with Pottstown's WPAZ, Hill last week had the satisfaction of a Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruling affirming that news is the property of those who gather it, and pirates can be punished.

The Mercury "has a commercial package upon which to base a case of action . . . against a competitor allegedly converting the news items to its own uses in pursuit of advertising," declared the court in a unanimous, seven-judge opinion, which added that "the law will guard and protect against wrongful invasion by a competitor."

Elated by last week's general ruling, Hill made plans to press on through the courts for an injunction against WPAZ. "This is a boon to every newspaperman

who has had his stuff swiped," he said. "This lifting of stories was just like getting my pocket picked." Some other Pennsylvania editors agreed, including those pestered by opposition papers who do not bother to do any reporting on their own. For the Supreme Court made it clear that its ruling was a warning to newspapers as well as broadcasters.

EXCLUSIVES

Scrubbed on the Pad

Since the start of the U.S. space programs, astronauts have been allowed to sell the personal stories of their flights into space to the high bidder of their choice. The first seven of them went under contract to LIFE, picking up \$500,000 for exclusive details of their experience. Last fall President Kennedy endorsed continuation of the policy for the 16 men picked for the moon-bound Gemini and Apollo projects, and Field Enterprises Educational Corp. dropped in a whopping \$3,200,000 offer. As part of the arrangement, LIFE agreed to buy exclusive magazine rights from Field. After six months of laborious work on contract details, an agreement was all but signed. But last week the Chicago publisher suddenly pulled out, and the deal was off.

Field's problem was not with the astronauts themselves but with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Government agency that employs the spacemen and has final say on any of their commercial activities. In the dickering, NASA lawyers insisted that the Government approve astronauts' stories before publication. Field agreed, but stood firm on a contract provision requiring NASA to avoid any reasonable delay. When NASA balked, Field called it quits. "At the rate we were going, it looked as if we were going to get a man on the moon before we got a contract," said Field President Bailey Howard.

Space agency officials expressed surprise at Field's walkout over what NASA considered a relatively minor point. In any case, other bidders were sure to renew their interest. One interested shopper: LIFE.

Throughout the final stages of the Field negotiations, the rest of the press was debating whether such private profit arrangements for the astronauts added up to good public policy. The New York Times was emphatically against the whole idea because, according to the Times, it damages U.S. prestige abroad. "Unfortunately, we now present an image to many non-Americans that is none too attractive: the picture of a nation obsessed with money and materialism." Just as firmly on the other side was the New York Daily News. "Well, for Pete's sake, why not?"

These dauntless men take their lives in their hands, and those of them who come back alive from outer space should be allowed to cash in legitimately on their adventures.



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■ *Report to business
from B.F. Goodrich*





How do you haul an 800,000-pound package around the desert?

ANSWER: PUT THE RIG ON WHEELS, AND BFG TIRES TAKE IT FROM THERE. Moving a huge drilling rig from one oil well site to another is a difficult job at best. The whole thing has to be dismantled, trucked to the new location in about 50 loads, then put back together again. On the average this takes about 14 days. But tough as rig-moving is in this country, just imagine what it would be like on the hot sands of the Sahara Desert.

That's why Mobil Oil Libya Ltd. wanted a rig that could be moved in just a few big loads. So they worked with Mid-Continent Supply Co., Fort Worth, to design and build a complete rig. Then they came up with a unique way of putting it on wheels. They call it the Desert Master. Now an 800,000-pound "package" (the towering rig and drawworks machinery as shown here) rides on four massive steel dollies, each equipped with four B.F. Goodrich tires.

To stand the tremendous weight pressing down on them, these B.F. Goodrich tires are made with a nylon cord that has superior impact resistance. The rubber is a special BFG compound that reduces the danger of heat build-up. And the specially prepared tread provides good flotation, keeps the heavily loaded tires from bogging down in the sand.

Even though this is the world's largest portable drilling rig, weighing over two million pounds in all, it can be moved in just three loads, and with virtually every piece of equipment rigged up and ready for action. The rig is only out of service for three days on the average. And it will be able to go wherever it's needed in the vast Sahara because of the B.F. Goodrich tires which roll with equal aplomb over sand, rocks and hilly terrain.

Putting rubber, plastics, textiles or metals to work to help make your business better is the business of B.F. Goodrich. If we can help you, please write the President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.





Klaus Jark, a 1985 graduate of the Pennsylvania State University, designed the sculpture.



Steel frames new Mecca for Shakespeare lovers

The New York Shakespeare Festival moved last year into its new permanent home, the Delacorte Shakespeare Theater in Central Park. This amphitheater is as safe as it is snug, since its stage, its floor, and 2,300 seats rest on strong steel columns and beams.

Here, surrounded by the trees and open to the sky, the Festival stages exciting, professional productions throughout the summer months... free to all comers.

Bethlehem structural steel shapes were chosen for this outdoor theater for the same reasons: steel was chosen to frame the skyscrapers and apartment buildings surrounding the park. Steel is low cost, permanent, and fire resistant. It is easy to maintain. It goes up fast and speeds construction. And steel, of course, provides more freedom of design than other materials.

Amusement World, Inc., 400 West 10th Street, Des Moines, Iowa 50319, designed the theater. The steel framing for the amphitheater was fabricated by Bethlehem Steel Corporation, 100 North Meridian, Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



MODERN LIVING



STRIPED (JONES BEACH)



ASSORTED SWARM AT SANTA MONICA



FLORAL (SOUTHAMPTON)

FASHION

Shift Ahoy!

The chemise family is a closely knit group. Fashion-conscious females who climbed out of the sack only a short while ago now find themselves climbing right back into the sack's first cousin, the shift. Already a slender trend as winter waned, the shift really switched into high with the summer solstice. On beaches from Maine to Malibu, lissome Loreleis clad in the latest two-piece bathing suits arranged themselves across the sand, apparently to ponder such girth-shaking questions as: How is a girl going to look her best when she isn't looking her barest? Thus, in a blinding flash, came the shift to shifts, biggest cover story in beachwear this season.

If the shift has a secret (besides what's under it), the secret is versatility. It comes in a vast selection of fabrics—solids or prints—varying in length from several inches above the knee right down to the ankle, though the definitive summer version is apt to be cotton, plain-necked, sleeveless, and fairly short of skirt, with side slits topped by tiny bows. Priced from \$2.98 to about \$50, the shift can go practically anywhere on practically anyone. It is fine for toe-testing at the ocean's edge, or to cover up wet bathing suits for drinks on the clubhouse verandah (*après* beach, nothing picks one up like a good belt). It is also socially acceptable for cocktails and dinner at the most exclusive playgrounds in the East. And housewives love it. "Just perfect," says one enthusiast, "not only cool, but something you can wear with individuality—belted or unbelted or belted low around the hips or even in an Empire line."

While women of all ages traipse along happily with the trend, the male population has yet to embrace the shift in public. Provocative it may be, hinting at perfections scarcely imagined unless



SHEER & SHORT

For teen-ager and too-letsters.

the wearer were rendered shiftless. But as fashion gives way to fat, milady often assumes shapes and sizes that require all-too-little imagination. There is an answer for that, too: the tent shift, a sloping expanse of hopsacking, stretch fabric, burlap or denim that keeps her bulkiest problems right under the Big Top where they belong.

TRAVEL

Temporary Relief

Homecoming transatlantic travelers heaved a hopeful sigh when the U.S. Customs Service announced last week that there may be a cure for that special form of nervous upset known as baggage inspection. Pre-clearance is the magic word. As a first test, customs officials plan to station three inspectors in Naples to examine and seal all except the baggage needed en route by New York-bound passengers. The cleared trunks, parcels and crates then go into the ship's hold until debarkation.

The idea is to minimize those hours-long mob scenes in Manhattan's sweltering customs sheds, and if it is successful, inspectors will be stationed in other major European ports of embarkation. The whole project marks but an inch or two of progress, according to Customs Commissioner Philip Nichols

Jr. In 1962 the bureau had only 2,298 inspectors to handle 158 million people at U.S. ports of entry. Congress refused to authorize any more, has also nixed proposals for 1) a corps of pretty hostesses to aid incoming passengers, 2) a Customs Academy, which would eventually turn out inspectors so expert in snap judgment that they could simply glance at a woman's face and know whether her spiked heels were full of contraband. As it is, the simplified "oral declarations" remain a pie-in-the-sky practice except for air arrivals at Miami and Idlewild. As for New York's out-moded docks, Nichols concludes, "I can't see anything happening in the next five years that will be better than an aspirin for a man with cancer."

MANNERS

Oteliaquette at Chapel Hill

Good manners are not nearly so good as they used to be. In a freewheeling society with no hard-and-fast code of etiquette, this is perhaps inevitable. But there are individuals—ask any lady who has had to stand up on a bus—who insist that what is needed is not a new set of rules, but a new ruler. The old-fashioned wrist-tapping kind. Especially for these young people.

Students Smart. At the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, many a campus carpus has felt the sting dealt out by 69-year-old Otelia Connor. An inveterate letter-to-the-editor writer and widow of an American Tobacco Co. executive, Otelia came over from Durham for her son's graduation in 1957, was so upset by all the shoving and slurping that she decided to settle right down there in Chapel Hill and do something about it. Taking up residence near the university, she began to eat her meals in the student dining hall, soon became an unofficial campus institution. "The students want to learn," she de-

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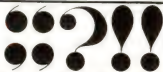
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MRS. CONNOR
Handy with her umbrella.

clares, "but few are taught good manners at home. They don't open doors for women. They slouch. They prop their feet up on tables. They say 'huh?' and 'uh-huh.' In the dining hall, they just pull a chair away from your table without asking, and they won't carry your tray."

Otelia favors a return to the gracious Old South tradition in which she was raised. But the Connor catch-up course is often elementary. If she doesn't have her umbrella handy for a quick thwack, Otelia is apt to snap a finger against an undergraduate's skull, then tell all to the nearest Letters column. "I sat with two law students," goes a typical mid-term report. "One was lying almost prone across the table. The other had his knees doubled up under his chin—I slapped him on the legs and told him to put his feet down."

Field Study. "She is an anthropological treasure," says Dean of Students Charles Henderson. "a throwback to those lost days when manners counted for something, and when elderly ladies thought it their duty to preserve them." Most students agree. They dig Otelia. The school's Current Affairs Committee invited her to lecture at Graham Memorial Hall—though some soreheads around Chapel Hill have been known to describe her as "a circus," "a hell-raiser," and "an apparition—a little toothpick of a woman with a cigarette dangling out of her mouth."

That kind of talk doesn't bother Otelia, who calls her chain smoking only "a silly nervous habit. I just puff it in and puff it out." As self-appointed Gaddy of Chapel Hill, she thrives on controversy. This summer, with many of her naughty U.N.C. "children" off on holiday—presumably littering up the beaches or just thoughtlessly kicking sand around—she took a trip to nearby Duke University. "I went there to observe the students in the Union Cafeteria," she reported ruefully, "and their manners are even worse than ours."



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MEDICINE

PEDIATRICS

Miniature Maharajahs in the "Taj Mahal"

Only the doctors and nurses specially assigned to the new unit at Palo Alto-Stanford Hospital Center were allowed to enter it, and even they had to "scrub up" first and put on a sterile gown, cap and mask. Lining the pale green wall was a row of Plexiglas-covered incubators. The babies who wriggled and squeaked in them last week were being treated like miniature maharajahs, with the most expert and intensive care around the clock. To diaper them without changing the balmy temperature of their isolation, nurses worked through armholes in the incubator sides. Some of the babies were no bigger than a man's two fists, and all were tiny. Since their weight at birth was less than 5½ lbs., they were classed as premature.*

From these wrinkled, red b'obs of humanity, investigators at the Clinical Research Center for Premature Infants hoped to glean basic medical knowledge to be applied in the saving, care and feeding of preemies everywhere.

Historic Hiccup. Half a century ago, doctors thought that premature babies died, and there was nothing they could do to prevent it. Now all major U.S. hospitals have special incubator units for them, and the death rate has been drastically reduced. But it is still 17.3%.

* Doctors no longer try to determine prematurity by estimating how far gestation has progressed, but have set an arbitrary cutoff weight of 2,500 gm. (5½ lbs.). Any baby smaller than that is likely to need special care. A preemie may have had anywhere from 27 to 39 weeks of gestation.

or 20 times as high as that for normal babies. If that death rate is to be reduced still further, medical scientists must have new, fundamental facts.

Conceived by Stanford's imaginative Professor of Pediatrics Dr. Norman Kretschmer and Dr. Sumner Yaffe, the new unit on the third floor of the Stanford Medical Center (whose ornate design by Architect Edward Stone leads townsfolk to call it the "Taj Mahal") is intended to win that kind of basic knowledge. Since Dr. Kretschmer and his colleagues want data that can be applied to all premature babies, they are studying an average run of preemies. Most are normal except for their size, though last week one had to be fed by a tube leading directly into its stomach through an incision above the navel. It hiccuped constantly, prompting a nurse to remark: "That ruins the theory that eating and swallowing air cause hiccups—that little fellow never swallowed anything in his life."

One research project will investigate the phenomenon by which the infant makes energy by metabolizing only sugars in the first 36 hours of life, then apparently switches over to fats and proteins. At the same time, instead of exhaling only as much carbon dioxide as the oxygen it inhales, the newborn child begins to change the ratio and soon puts out ten volumes of CO₂ for seven volumes of inhaled oxygen. Nobody understands just why, but with uncannily delicate instruments, which will measure gas ratios to an accuracy of one part in a million, the Stanford researchers hope to learn more about it. And then, more important, they hope to use this knowledge in setting ideal

oxygen concentrations for babies in different stages of prematurity.*

Incubator Emotions? Another puzzle under study at Stanford involves the workings of the brain of an infant ejected prematurely from the womb. Its electrical discharges are different from those of a full-term baby's brain, and to find out just how the preemie's brain waves change, Dr. Kretschmer's group has devised a special electroencephalograph connected to babies' heads.

After a preemie goes home, the Stanford center's researchers will make periodic checks on its development for at least two years, and even longer in special projects. One of these is to find the answer to a baffling question: Is the fact that preemies tend to have more than their share of emotional troubles in later life a result of being denied motherly cuddling during those first few weeks in an incubator?

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Casualties in a Jungle War

Twice last week the big U.S. Air Force hospital plane thundered north from La Paz to the Canal Zone, each time carrying strictly quarantined, desperately ill patients plucked from the hinterlands of Bolivia for transfer to the modern facilities of Gorgas Hospital. First to land were Wisconsin-born Dr. Ronald MacKenzie, 38, and Panamanian Technician Angel Muñoz, 42. At Gorgas, the fearful diagnosis made in the field was confirmed: both were victims of a newly discovered and deadly disease, Bolivian hemorrhagic fever. By midweek, the C-130 with its doctor-nurse team had made another trip, carrying New Jersey-born Virologist Karl Johnson, 34. He also had the fever.

The illnesses of these men recalled the stirring days of Walter Reed's famous campaign against yellow fever in Cuba at the turn of the century, when one researcher died and others had close calls. For the two physicians and the technician had been working selflessly, at great risk, in an internationally supported crash program to pinpoint the cause of a mysterious disease, and to find a preventive for it.

As Cold as Marble. When the fever began its rampages three years ago in Bolivia's northeastern province of Beni, the dirt-poor villagers around San Joaquin called it "the black typhus." But this was a far deadlier disease. It struck almost one-third of the population, and killed about one-third of its victims. Men and women of all ages were stricken. First came fever, chills and headache. Then, in many cases, an agonizing pain

* A decade ago doctors learned that too much oxygen in the incubator, followed by an abrupt switch to normal air, was causing thousands of cases of blindness through an abnormal fibrous development behind the eye's lens (retrolental fibroplasia, or RLF). Now that oxygen concentrations are kept lower and are tapered off gradually, such cases are extremely rare.



NURSE & PREEMIES IN NEW STANFORD CENTER
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in the back, usually followed by a rash in the throat, tremor of the tongue and extremities, bleeding from tiny vessels around the eyes, and blood in the urine. After about a week, many of the victims turned as cold as a morgue slab before they died. Survivors presented a pitiable sight for weeks, with bleeding gums and persistent tremor, and often in a state of delirium or stupor.

Bolivian doctors concluded that the disease was a form of hemorrhagic fever similar to those already known from Manchuria, Korea, India and Argentina. But was the responsible virus the same as any of those from other lands? And what animal or insect transmitted the virus to its human victims? Bolivia asked the internationally sponsored Middle America Research Unit, based in Balboa with Arizona-born Dr. Henry K. Beyce as its head, to mobilize its forces for a jungle war.

From Caribbean bases, the U.S. Air Force flew ten tons of supplies to Bolivia in March, and four tons of laboratory gear in May. The Bolivian air force flew it all to San Joaquin. There, a team of physicians, virologists, entomologists, and ecologists set to work. First, the disease detectives plotted where the fever victims had lived—and died. They put healthy monkeys in single cages and left them for days in the forest where four woodcutters had worked just before they became ill. They put other "sentinel" monkeys in houses left empty by the deaths of whole families of fever victims.

Louise Hunt. Their sentinel duty over, the monkeys were examined to see whether they had caught the disease, and what kind of parasites they had picked up. The doctors directed the trapping, snaring, netting or shooting of specimens of every living thing that could conceivably carry the virus. The only local people hired to help were those who had already had the fever and recovered, and therefore, presumably, were immune. The M.A.R.U. technicians examined suspect animals and picked off their parasites, through armholes and sleeves in Isolettes, with less than normal air pressure inside to guard against infection by airborne viruses. Comparable precautions were taken in drawing blood samples from fever patients and by pathologists in performing autopsies.

A month ago, Virologist Johnson was elated. From the liver and spleen of a three-year-old boy who had died of the fever, his team had isolated what was almost certainly the virus. Stored in liquid nitrogen at -350°F. , the samples were flown to the Canal Zone and to the U.S. Laboratory of Tropical Virology at Bethesda, Md. The virus, the experts at these research centers concluded, was similar but not identical to the one that causes hemorrhagic fever in Argentina.

A week later, determined to find the parasite that carries the virus to man, Dr. MacKenzie teamed up with Dr.



DRS. JOHNSON & MACKENZIE
A high price to nail the culprit.

Johnson and Technician Muñoz in a new and daring technique. They dragged strips of cloth through the yards and bushes around houses where victims had lived, in hopes of catching hungry lice and ticks. Fortnight ago, MacKenzie and Muñoz developed the telltale fever, headache and muscle pains. A quick check by their colleagues showed a typical drop in their white-blood-cell counts. Dr. Beyce, back in the Canal Zone, ordered them flown to Gorgas Hospital. There, though there is no specific antidote for the virus, they could get the best possible care.

The only time the three had taken a common risk was during the parasite hunt on June 26. Almost certainly, the carrier of the virus is among the mites and lice they caught that day. Said Dr. Johnson feebly but hopefully from his sickbed: "I feel the carrier is literally in the bag."

TOXICOLOGY

Look Out for Those Plants & Spices

Danger lurks in the most innocent-looking household plants and spices, according to the latest warnings by doctors. Items:

- The 40-year-old housewife who appeared at the emergency room of University Hospitals in Cleveland could not swallow and could scarcely talk. Her tongue was swollen and intensely painful. Through these impediments she managed to tell the doctor that while tending her house plants that afternoon, she had bitten a piece of stalk from a handsome specimen with striped leaves, called *Dieffenbachia*. Her pain was so severe that the doctors had to give her a morphine-type drug. After a while she was able to take, though painfully, a little aluminum-magnesium hydroxide as an antidote to whatever poison she might have swallowed. Her face and blistered mouth remained painful for more than a week, and she had to be content with a liquid diet and baby foods. What makes this case important, say Drs. George Drach and Walter H.



TECHNICIAN MUÑOZ

Maloney in the *A.M.A. Journal*, is that *Dieffenbachia*—it is also called dumb cane and mother-in-law plant—is such a common house plant that anybody could easily be accidentally poisoned by it. A child who chewed it would become seriously ill, and the effects might be fatal if he swallowed it. For dumb-cane stalks contain calcium oxalate, which causes burns similar to those of caustic soda.

- Dr. Robert B. Payne reports, in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, a sick story about nutmeg. Two students at the University of North Carolina heard from a heatnik friend that it would give them a jag like a combination of the effects of alcohol and LSD or mescaline. The two lads each took two tablespoonfuls, the powder equivalent of two grated nutmegs, in a glass of milk. Within five hours they had a leaden feeling in their feet and legs, and an airy, dreamlike sensation in their heads. Their hearts were beating in double time. They were as red as beets. Both were agitated and apprehensive. Dr. Payne gave the boys a laxative to get the undigested nutmeg out of their systems, but their feelings of unreality persisted for 48 to 60 hours. There is little danger that anybody who has taken nutmeg for kicks will become addicted, says Dr. Payne: these boys found the experience as frightening as it was unpleasant.

- Teen-agers and young-adult heatniks have started an out-of-season run on seed stores, buying up morning-glory seeds. Far from representing an interest in gardening, this trend is part of a feverish search for kicks. The word has got around, said the Food and Drug Administration, that the seeds of some varieties of the morning glory contain drugs, chemically related to LSD-25, that will induce other-worldly hallucinations. The two favorite varieties are called, of all things, "Heavenly Blue" and "Pearly Gates."



WINNER CHARLES AT ST. ANNES
A blow for minority rights.

SPORT

GOLF

One for the Left

A somber string bean from the Wairarapa district of New Zealand, Bob Charles, 27, belongs to an exclusive minority—he is a lefthanded golfer on the U.S. pro tour. That alone is enough to make him the hero of 400,000 amateur lefties who wire him encouragement and even dip into the cookie jar to bet on their boy against the likes of Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. Those bets have begun to pay off. Last April Charles became the first left-hander ever to win a major pro tournament when he took the \$10,000 top money in the Houston Classic. Last week, at Britain's Royal Lytham and St. Annes Golf Course, Southpaw Charles won the 1963 British Open.

He did it the hard way. The 120-man field included Palmer, Nicklaus and Phil Rodgers, 25, an ex-marine who attacked St. Annes as if he were storming Iwo. Palmer played himself out of contention with a first-round 76, but after 36 holes, Charles trailed Rodgers by five strokes, Nicklaus by two. In the third round, Charles shot a record 66—four under par, followed it up with a 71 that left him deadlocked with Rodgers at 277, one stroke ahead of Runner-up Nicklaus.

In the next day's 36-hole play-off, the combatants were a study in contrast. Tall (6 ft. 1½ in.) and tight-lipped, Charles acted just like the bank clerk he once was; stumpy and waggish, Rodgers swapped wisecracks with the gallery. The American's grin turned to a grimace as Charles one-putted eleven of the first 18 holes and took a three-stroke lead. He then picked up another five strokes in five holes and breezed to an eight-stroke victory. "I must have demoralized him," said Charles.

BASEBALL

Best of the Better

If baseball were the stock market hitters would be selling short this year. With the 1963 season just past the halfway mark, the fine old art of pitching is enjoying its biggest revival since the day of the spitball. Team batting is down 15 points from 1962. Home run production is off 20% in the National

League, 6% in the American League. Part of it is the newly enlarged strike zone that stretches all the way from a batter's knees to the top of his shoulders. But mostly pitchers just seem to be better than before. "Day after day, club after club," says Manager Alvin Dark of the San Francisco Giants, "I've seen nothing but good pitchers."

Dead Aim. Best of them all is the Los Angeles Dodgers' Sandy Koufax, 27. So far this season, Koufax has pitched one no-hitter (against Manager Dark's Giants), two two-hitters and four three-hitters. His earned run average is a lean 1.64, and he leads both major leagues with 163 strikeouts. He started last week by blanking the Cincinnati Reds on three hits, 4-0. Five days later, he picked up another shutout (his ninth) at the expense of the New York Mets, 6-0, and became the first pitcher in either league to win 15 games.

A sturdy (6 ft. 2 in., 205 lbs.) left-hander, Koufax has a baffling overhand motion and a bewildering arsenal of pitches. His fastball comes in like a 20-mm. cannon shell; his curve breaks so sharply that it acts, says Dodger Catcher John Roseboro, "like a chair whose legs suddenly collapse." Control? "When an umpire calls my pitch a ball," says Koufax casually, "that means it is either high or low. It's never outside or inside." All in all, agrees St. Louis Cardinals' Slugger Ken Boyer, "Koufax is just too damned much."

A Problem. Sanford Koufax is a lawyer's son who stumbled into baseball by chance. At Brooklyn's Lafayette High School basketball was his game; he won a scholarship to the cage-crazy University of Cincinnati, turned out for baseball just to liven up a dull freshman spring. "I have one problem," Sandy told the coach. "I can't hit." "Well," said the coach, "maybe you can pitch." In his first two games, Koufax struck out 34 batters, and big-league scouts began pounding on his dormitory door. The Dodgers got there first, with a contract that called for a \$14,000 bonus and a salary of \$6,000.

For a while it looked like \$20,000 too much. His control was atrocious. But because he was a bonus baby, baseball rules prohibited the Dodgers from farming him out for seasoning. So for six years he warmed the bench, pitching

only occasionally, compiling a record of 36 wins and 40 losses. Finally, one night in 1960 before a Dodger-Giant game, he buttonholed General Manager Buzzie Bavasi. "I want to pitch," stormed Sandy, "and you guys aren't giving me a chance." Inquired Bavasi: "How can you pitch when you can't get the side out?" Yelled Koufax: "Who the hell can get the side out sitting in the dug-out?" Taking it all in was San Francisco's Willie Mays. "Listen to 'em go," chuckled Mays. "Maybe they'll get mad enough to trade him. I just hope they trade him to us."

A Phenomenon. Fat chance. The next year Koufax finally learned where the plate was, wound up with 18 victories and broke Christy Mathewson's 58-year-old National League record by striking out 269 batters. Last season he threw a no-hitter against the New York Mets and struck out 18 Chicago Cubs in one game. By midseason his record was 14-4, and he was leading the National League in earned run average (.206) and strikeouts (209).

Then Koufax's luck went sour. The index finger of his pitching hand turned white and numb; layers of skin began to peel off. Doctors decided he had Raynaud's Phenomenon, a circulatory ailment resulting from a blood clot in his palm. Unable even to grip a baseball properly, Koufax did not win another game all year.

Koufax finally seems to have out-pitched his own luck. The Dodgers are paying him \$30,000. He owns a bulging stock portfolio, part of an FM radio station and a motel. His \$30,000 San Fernando Valley home is equipped with a well-stocked library (Aldous Huxley, Thomas Wolfe), stereo cabinet (Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky) and bar. Bachelor Koufax took around Hollywood in a shiny gold Oldsmobile convertible with an assortment of beauties at his side, picks up extra change by appearing on-stage in nightclubs, and playing bit roles on TV.




TV ACTOR KOUFAX
A 20-mm. cannon.



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SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

Shadow Play

Most Americans have not seen a good solar eclipse since 1954, and after this week they will not see another until 1970. This week's performance, clouds permitting, will entertain most of North America. Saturday's show will start at dawn in Japan's northern island, Hokkaido, where the sun will rise with the moon already squarely in front of it. Then the tip of the moon's black, conical shadow will race northeast, crossing the Bering Sea and coming ashore in Alaska just south of the Yukon. West of Canada's Great Slave Lake, total eclipse will last for nearly 100 sec.

For observers who stay still, 100 sec. is the maximum, but fast modern jet planes can stay with the shadow longer. Lockheed, Douglas and American Airlines plan to contribute airliners whose speed can stretch totality by as much as 44 sec. Astronomer Charles H. Smiley of Brown University will ride an Air Force F-104D at 48,000 ft. to race the shadow across central Canada at 1,160 m.p.h. Since the shadow will be speeding at 2,800 m.p.h., he will lose the race; but he hopes to watch totality for about five minutes.

Bombardment by Radar. Along the curving path of the shadow, which slips between Montreal and Quebec, cuts Maine in two, and grazes the southern tip of Nova Scotia, scientists will deploy their strange instruments. They will photograph the moon-covered sun in

every available way, shoot rockets into the shadow. A German group will check Einstein's theory of relativity by photographing stars that appear to be close to the sun to see how much their light is bent by the sun's gravitation. Distant radio telescopes will bombard the moon with radar waves so that observers in the path of totality can see how the waves reflected from the moon respond to the unnatural darkness.

As the shadow sweeps across North America to the populated parts of Canada and Maine, amateur observers will swarm to greet it. The path of totality will cut through Maine in a 60-mile swath where a deep twilight will fall. As seen from Boston, the sun will be 94.4% covered. In New York the crescent will look thicker: 88.7% covered; in St. Louis, 67.1%. In Los Angeles the sun will be dented (26.4%); in Mexico City barely nicked (7.6%).

Places outside the total shadow will not get dark; even a thin sliver of the sun gives a lot of light, but the birds will feel that darkness is coming and may go to roost for the night. People standing under trees should watch the light that filters through the leaves. Normally it hits the ground as overlapping disks, each a round image of the round sun. But as the moon creeps across the sun, the disks will shrink to crescents.

Baily's Beads. Observers close to the path of totality who stretch a white sheet on the ground may see the mysterious shadow bands, which are somehow caused by irregularities in the

earth's atmosphere. They appear as vague lines of light and dark, drifting roughly parallel. An amateur who uses simple apparatus (a yardstick to record their direction and estimate their dimensions) can observe them about as well as professional astronomers.

Those on a high, unobstructed hill will see the vast shadow swoop toward them out of the northwest. The sun's thin crescent will diminish swiftly, perhaps showing for a few seconds as a row of bright "Baily's Beads." These are bits of the sun peeking through clefts in the moon's jagged mountains. Then suddenly the sun will be gone, leaving in the sky only the ghostly corona, its palely glowing atmosphere, and perhaps a few prominences: great tongues of flame thrown up by magnetic hurricanes in its boiling surface. During totality the sky itself will not be really dark, but watchers in Maine can hope to see Venus and Mercury and the stars Castor and Pollux.

Then swiftly the shadow will leave them. The sun will shine as a crescent again, perhaps at first as Baily's Beads on the other side of the moon. The shadow bands will appear again. The overlapping crescents will flicker under the trees, facing in the opposite direction. And as the sunlight brightens, the confused birds will leave their roosts as if for another day.

ENTOMOLOGY

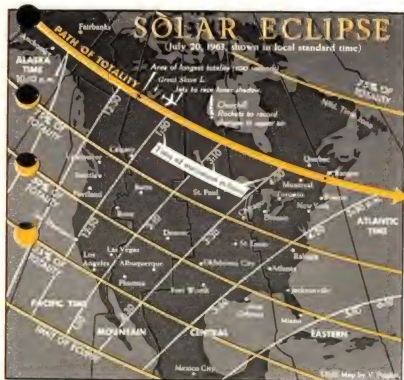
Royal Perfume

How does a queen bee keep her colony together? In *Nature*, Dr. James Simpson of Rothamsted Experimental Station, England, reported that her influence is a scent more compelling than any compounded by French perfumers.

When a cluster of swarming bees is deprived of its queen, the bees soon desert to other bee colonies unless she returns. To find out why, Dr. Simpson imprisoned a queen in a wire-screen cage with double walls. He put the cage near a cluster of worried, queenless bees. The workers responded joyously. They swarmed all over the cage, vibrating their wings. But when Simpson imprisoned a queen in a small, transparent plastic bag, she had no effect on the other bees. They could see and hear her, but they ignored her completely.

This seemed to prove that the queen's perfume is what makes the workers cluster around her, but Simpson wanted to know what part of her is most attractively scented. So he cut a queen in three pieces—abdomen, thorax and head—and put each in a separate cage. None of the three had much effect on a queenless cluster, but when the severed parts were crushed, the workers rallied around the crushed head. So the queen's powerful perfume must come from her head, probably from the mandibular glands.

Named after English Astronomer Francis Baily, who observed and described them in 1836.





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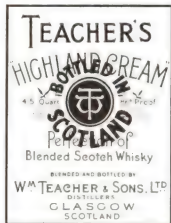


HALF

Isn't good enough

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THEODORE BIKEL WITH GUITAR



BOB DYLAN & PETE SEEGER (REAR)

The blue-tailed fly was out.

FOLK MUSIC

They Hear America Singing

Pete Seeger, Theodore Bikel and Bob Dylan are three of the most sought-after folk singers in the business. But last week they were doing the seeking. At a voter registration rally two miles out of Greenwood, Miss., all three stood on a flatbed truck parked on a dusty field beside Highway 82 and sang the gospel-like *We Shall Overcome*. The audience, 200 Negro dirt farmers, lustily joined in:

*We shall overcome—some day,
Oh, deep in my heart,
I do believe.*

We shall overcome—some day.

All over the U.S., folk singers are doing what folk singers are classically supposed to do—singing about current crises. Not since the Civil War era have they done so in such numbers or with such intensity. Instead of keening over the poor old cowpoke who died in the streets of Laredo or chronicling the life cycle of the blue-tailed fly (the sort of thing that fired the great postwar revival of folk song), they are singing with hot-eyed fervor about police dogs and racial murder. Sometimes they use serviceable old tunes, but just as often they are writing new ones about fresh heroes and villains, from Martin Luther King to Bull Connor. In Chicago, integrationist songs are sung not only at the North Side's grubby Fickle Pickle but also in the Camellia House of The Drake. In a cocktail lounge in Ogunquit, Me., a college girl shouts out: "Sing something about integration." Seeger has done so before a crowd of 45,000 at the Boston Arts Festival; and the Peter, Paul and Mary recording of Bob Dylan's *Blowin' in the Wind* (TIME, May 31) is, according to Warner Bros. Records, the fastest selling single the company has ever cut. *Blowin'* is young Dylan at his lyrically honest best. It sounds as country-airy as *Turkey in the Straw*, but it has a cutting edge.

How many roads must a man walk down

Before you call him a man? . . .

SHOW BUSINESS

How many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

How many times can a man turn his head

And pretend he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind.

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

The prevailing integrationist theme made its most remarkable inroad at last week's Newport Jazz Festival. Folk is strictly music *non grata* at Newport. But there stood Duke Ellington singing about King and Bull Connor:

King fit the battle of Alabam, Birmingham, Alabam.

King fit the battle of Alabam.

And the Bull got nasty,

ghastly nasty . . .

The dog looked the baby right square in the eye and said, "bye—scram!"

The baby looked the dog right back in the eye.

But didn't cry or lam.

When the dog saw the baby wasn't afraid, he turned to his Uncle Bull and said.



DUKE ELLINGTON
He fit a new battle.

"That baby looks like he don't give a damn."

You sure we are still in Alabam?"

No one at Newport could remember the last occasion when Ellington had been moved enough to sing in public. What's more, the Duke himself had written the lyrics.

Times of national crises in the past have often inspired outbursts of folk songs. Independence-minded folk singers of the 1730s wrote anti-British songs so "seditious" that Governor William Cosby of New York felt called upon to stage a public song burning. In the America that Walt Whitman heard singing, New Hampshire's Hutchinson Family drew abolitionist admirers like William Lloyd Garrison. Today's folk singers are lyrically lashing out at everything from nuclear fallout (*What Have They Done to the Rain?*) and the American Medical Association ("We really love to stitch The diseases of the rich"), to direct-digit dialing ("560 million, 900,000 more, 137, extension 24"). But not since labor's big national organizing drive of the 1930s, when nearly everyone in the country knew at least a few lines of *We Shall Not Be Moved*, has there been such an outpouring of original songs as has been engendered by the racial problem.

The done-in and dying cowboy has been replaced by victims of racial violence like Medgar Evers. The stock villains, besides Policeman Connor, include Ross Barnett, "Mr. Woolworth" and, occasionally, John Kennedy. On the other side of the fence, Dallas Folk Singer Hermes Nye has been singing a bitterly resigned ditty called *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Coming of the N.A.A.C.P.*

A line like "Go down, Kennedy, way down in Georgia la-aa-and" is arid and unmoving, and certainly these songs include a lot that is unoriginal drivel. But the same can be said of any body of folk music. After time and taste sort out the songs that integration in the U.S. is marching to, one called *Bull Connor's Jail* is likely to last. Written last spring by Guy Carawan, a highly



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When General Electric engineers designed this peculiar-shaped lamp they took an 8-foot tube, put grooves in it, and made the arc stream travel 9 feet! This also puts the arc closer to the phosphors for more efficient operation. (Phosphors actually produce the light you see by.) Then they added cathode shields to cut wattage loss and end blackening. The result is the Power Groove*, the most powerful fluorescent you can buy. • The Power Groove lamp is economical, too. If you were to build a factory, office or store and install all Power Groove fluorescents, you would automatically save up to 40¢ per square foot of lighted floor area. This is because you would need $\frac{1}{3}$ fewer lamps and fixtures, and installation and maintenance costs would be drastically cut. • For complete information contact your local lamp supplier or write directly to the General Electric Company, Large Lamp Department C-326, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio. Remember, light makes the difference—General Electric makes the difference in light.

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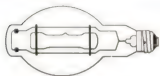
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Accent
on
VALUE



IKE IN DENVER TALKING TO EDEN ON SCREEN FROM LONDON
Nothing in marble, but a vision of what might be.

regarded California folk singer arrested at a Birmingham protest meeting, it truly says:

*Iron bars around me,
Cold walls so strong;
They hold my body,
The world hears my song.*

TELEVISION

Meeting in Space

To mark the anniversary of the first Telstar broadcast, CBS last week presented *Town Meeting of the World*, bouncing the faces and voices of Dwight Eisenhower, Anthony Eden, Jean Monnet and Heinrich von Brentano off the orbiting Telstar II. Ike was in Denver, Eden in London, Monnet in Brussels, Brentano in Bonn. Anchor Man Walter Cronkite was in New York.

Nothing was said that should be written in marble, but it really was a kind of town meeting. International problems, from food surpluses to Sino-Soviet relations, were talked over in an off-hand, idiomatic way. "I want to tell you, Anthony," said Ike to Eden, "that we will be there if you people ever get in trouble. You know that."

If the program had its dull stretches of vintage cant, it also had some sharp disagreement, as when Monnet insisted to Eden that Britain should give up control of her nuclear bombs to NATO. Ike jumped in, supporting Eden's no-no position, saying: "It gets to be a matter of principle around here."

As a suggestion of what might be—future international colloquies drawing continents together—CBS's program could not have been more impressive. CBS swiftly announced plans to stage similar meetings four times a year. And just as swiftly, the network put tapes of last week's show on planes to Europe. For, unfortunately, the *Town Meeting* had been seen only in America, and although Ike could see his three fellow

conversationalists, none of them could see him, or one another. As air time neared, the French government had decided that the remarks of the old gentleman, particularly Monnet, might be inimical to the views of their own Old Gentleman, so they refused the use of the receiving station at Pleumeur-Bodou, which alone serves all of Europe in Telstar communications. Britain's Goonhilly Down sending station kept the show alive for the U.S. and Canada, but it had to lumber back over the Atlantic by jet.

BROADWAY

Someone Picked a Dilly

Some people mumbled "Gilbert and Sullivan" two years ago when Alan Jay Lerner and Richard Rodgers announced that they were forming a new partnership. But if new D'Oyly Carte are quietly waiting to be launched, they will have to wait a long time. Rodgers' and Lerner's first musical—*I Picked a Daisy*—was postponed indefinitely.

The show is about extrasensory perception, but the trouble is clear to anyone with ordinary perception: Lerner has been dragging his feet. When he works, the poor man works hard, to be sure. He sometimes stays up all night to get a single line for a lyric. He has spent two weeks on one couplet. It can take him months to write the words to an entire song. Then he hands it to Rodgers—who demoralizingly creates a finished tune in 20 minutes.

"We have a draft of the script and a few completed songs," said Rodgers last week, while Lerner sulked silently in Hollywood. "The draft is in pretty good shape. I've seen plays go into rehearsal in worse shape. But the stuff isn't there. We need a script and the score." He insists that "the partnership will continue." There are still some love-mes as well as love-me-nots on the daisy.



DEALERS FISCHER, LLOYD & SOMERSET
The heat is on.



DIRECTOR TITI HUDSON

Aggressive Giant

"In at 11, have lunch, fiddle around for another hour, then take off to play golf." Such, in the words of one of them, has traditionally been the workday of a London art gallery owner, reflecting a leisurely love of art and a commensurate distaste for commerce. Into this gentle world has come a pair of dealers whose hard work and hard sell have swiftly made their gallery, Marlborough Fine Art Ltd., the most formidable giant in the modern field. Almost without realizing it, half a dozen old-line houses have lost their best artists to Marlborough, and soon the gallery will start a big branch in Manhattan.

Marlborough opened in 1946 in three cramped basement rooms at 17 Old Bond Street, London, and now occupies those rooms plus the top three floors of a dignified new building across the street. There is a Marlborough Galleria d'Arte in Rome, and next year there will be a branch of Marlborough in Cologne. In New York carpenters and plasterers are busy converting one entire floor—all 11,000 sq. ft. of it—of an office building on 57th Street and Madison Avenue into what will be known as the Marlborough-Gerson^o Gallery.

They Met on K.P. The new gallery's founders are Austrian refugees who met one day in 1940 while doing K.P. in the British army. Frank Lloyd, 52, comes from a family of antique dealers, and Harry Fischer, a few years older, once sold rare books in Vienna. They have not only built up a vast trade in modern old masters, but have also captured some of the biggest stars of the English art world. Sculptor Henry Moore has joined them. Francis Bacon left the Hanover Gallery; Sidney Nolan quit Matthiesen; Ben Nicholson, Kenneth Armitage and Lynn Chadwick came

from Gimpel Fils. Marlborough takes on almost nobody not already famous, and it guarantees fat annual income plus fringe benefits—for example, a free secretarial service.

Marlborough's first break came in 1948 when a young art buff named David Somerset, the son of the heir presumptive to the Duke of Beaufort, joined the staff. "He's related to half of the English aristocracy, and they entrusted him to sell their masterpieces, all blue chips," says Harry Fischer. On their own behalf, the founders landed some handsome commissions from sales of major collections on the Continent, and they have used their capital with devastating shrewdness.

To advertise, they have put on some admirable prestige shows, such as an exhibition of Van Gogh self-portraits and a show of the works of the Bauhaus. They send out the glossiest catalogues, give the flouziest cocktail parties. What bothers their competitors is the brash commercialism with which they do all this. "I'm sorry to have to admit it," says Lloyd's son Gilbert, who is now on the staff, "but Marlborough is the most hated gallery in London."

Plans for Manhattan. Some of the deserted dealers have bitter thoughts about their lost artists, generally to the effect that greedy hearts beat under those corduroy vests. "Nicholson has always been difficult," says one. "But Gimpels suffered with him and made his reputation. Then he left without so much as a thank you." Gimpels also nourished Lynn Chadwick along until Chadwick won the Venice Biennale prize for sculpture; soon after, when his prices began to go up, he joined Marlborough. Another dealer learned that he had lost his main meat ticket only when Marlborough phoned him about another matter and casually dropped the word.

Manhattan galleries are beginning to feel the same heat. Marlborough, which already had the Jackson Pollock estate,

wooded Robert Motherwell away from Dealer Sidney Janis. A typically harsh blow has fallen on the distinguished Tibor de Nagy Gallery, which has a long record of sticking by comparatively obscure and even slow-selling artists it believes in. In 1951 Tibor de Nagy took on an unknown named Larry Rivers, who was down on his luck and needed help beyond a mere showcase. In time, Rivers became the gallery's top star. Suddenly, while visiting Lloyd two weeks ago, de Nagy found that Rivers had gone over to Marlborough. "I turned pale," says he, "Galleries such as ours feel we may be forced out of the field by such smart operators, who will spoil the freshness and the magic and the genius for the sake of financial success."

A Rich Director. Even dealers who loathe the very name of Marlborough admit that the gallery has stirred up the once languid London art world and helped keep it a center of the international market. Manhattan dealers say that they do not feel the need of such stirring, think that the U.S. art market is commercial enough, but Marlborough plainly intends to move in strongly.

Last week Marlborough announced that it has an influential Manhattan director: Mrs. Cecil Blaffer Hudson of Houston, a Humble Oil heiress and art collector who recently made news by winning a bigger (\$6.5 million) divorce settlement than Bobo Rockefeller. Like David Somerset in England, "Titi" (pronounced tee-tee) Hudson can give the U.S. Marlborough good connections with artists, Texas millionaires, and the great collections that become gallery gold mines when they are broken up.

Simple Form, Simple Color

At 23, Richard Anuszkiewicz was a colorless young man—technically speaking, that is. "I was painting still lifes that were getting greyer and greyer," he recalls, still amazed at the helplessness he felt. The tonic he needed was the famous course given at Yale by Josef Albers, who has spent decades demonstrating what marvels colors can perform when left entirely on their own. As can be seen in seven Anuszkiewicz paintings on display in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art (including those on the opposite page), the tonic worked.

Albers is best known for his squares within squares, which leave his colors entirely independent of anything but the simplest form. Anuszkiewicz, now 33, keeps an equally rigid control over his work, but he allows his colors to perform in far more complex settings. In 1960, he began a series of paintings that used only two colors—a "hot" one and a "cool" one. These he placed in patterns made up of almost identical little shapes that moved from background to foreground and vice versa according to how he colored them.

Breathing Canvas. In Plus Reversed. the two colors were put on in equal total area and in equal strength, so that the viewer is never quite sure which is

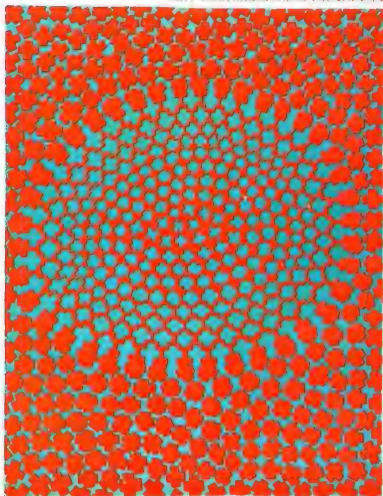
From Art Dealer Otto Gerson, who died last year and whose excellent stable of sculptors will remain in the new setup.

A
PAINTER'S PALETTE
IN THE
AGE OF SCIENCE

SCIENTIFIC STUDY of color led Richard Anuszkiewicz to such optical experiments as *Knowledge and Disappearance*, where one gazes far down into mysterious spinning depth.



RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ



RED AND GREEN shift their planes with hypnotic effect as the eye struggles to decipher the pattern's balance. The title is appropriate: *Plus Reversed*.



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PAINTER ANUSZKIEWICZ & FAMILY
Like rainbows and fluorescent lights.


the dominant one. The result is that the painting is full of movement that varies in tempo from second to second as two gaudy armies might move on a battlefield. Are the greens about to explode out of their oval and run the reds off the canvas? Or are the reds slowly strangling the surrounded greens? One part of the painting expands, another contracts, as if the whole canvas were breathing.

Knowledge and Disappearance is a virtuoso performance, with the lavender turning cool next to the red. Moreover, the pattern of alternating rectangles within rectangles has its own life. It recedes and then begins to emerge again as a pattern of simple rectangles. Anuszkiewicz' colored geometry becomes a kind of crazy-quilt corridor into which the eye is drawn and held dizzily as in some enchanted funhouse.

Ghostly Shapes. In his most recent work, Anuszkiewicz often uses three or four colors and a simpler geometric motif. Each painting has its internal rhythm, which is measured like bars of music. One yellow and grey painting has a pattern of grids, some of which are quartered, some cut to sixteenths, and so on. In other paintings, stripes or threads of different colors run over a common background to form diamonds and squares that emerge not as solid forms but as ghostly shapes coming out of nowhere. Some have the misty delicacy of a rainbow; others glow like fluorescent light.

There is about this kind of painting a somewhat mechanical quality, which Anuszkiewicz himself is fully aware of. But the majority of his paintings are so subtle and sensitive that they divulge their secrets only gradually as the viewer looks. And fortunately, the world of color is one of such limitless arrangements and combinations that each painting has, almost automatically, the freshness and excitement of discovery.



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RELIGION

ATHEISM

The Varieties of Non-Religious Experience

Some people find it incredible that their otherwise intelligent friends can believe in a God, a Virgin Birth or the Resurrection of Christ. Others find it incredible that their otherwise intelligent friends can deny the existence of a Creator and fail to see the Bible as divine revelation. In a new book called *Atheism in Our Time* (Macmillan; \$5), Father Ignace Lepp, 53, who goes on the assumption that "neither belief nor unbelief can be adequately explained by bad faith," undertakes to define the varieties of modern unbelief.

Although he is now a Roman Catholic priest in Paris, Lepp has the credentials to explain the mind of the atheist: he was one himself for 27 years, and a Communist to boot. Born into a family of freethinkers, he joined the party at the age of 15 and unquestioningly assumed that religion was an enemy of social progress: "Since all my teachers were professed atheists, I considered myself to be one also." So long as he was striving for a Communist future, Lepp says, "I felt no need of God." He acquired degrees in medicine and philosophy (and even now, putting aside his cusscock, practices psychotherapy). Lepp broke with the party after the Moscow trials of 1937, and eventually, a "metaphysical anxiety" drove him to question the meaning of life. In that psychological mood, he had his first encounter with the Christian message.

The new atheism, says Lepp, does not bother to debate with Christianity. It self-confidently proclaims the death of God and man's freedom from supernatural authority and seeks to build "a radically 'natural' civilization, without reference to any kind of transcendence." There are probably as many kinds of atheism as there are atheists, but Lepp's major classifications are:

- **NEUTROIC** Some modern atheists are unquestionably neutroics—typically, the young idealist whose religious fervor turns into bitter anticlericalism after an unhappy experience in a seminary. Lepp has found that psychology can help cure such atheists of their emotional hostility toward religion, but will not affect their unbelief. "It is not in the psychologist's power either to give or to destroy faith," he warns. "This belongs to a metaphysical domain which the theologians call *grace*." Atheists by and large, he says, are not particularly neutroic.
- **MARXIST** Lepp stresses that unbelief is not a detachable corollary of Karl Marx's economic system, but logically follows from the Communist view that man must perfect himself and society by his own acts. To the true Marxist, belief in the existence of the supernatural is an "objective lie."

- **RATIONALIST** Lepp has considerably more respect and sympathy for the kind of atheism espoused by many modern scientists who deny the existence of God after making a reasoned study of the universe: he sees that "rational agnosticism is conatural to certain very positivistic forms of intelligence."

- **EXISTENTIAL** The atheism of French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre sees God as merely a projection of the human psyche. Whether God exists or not, Sartre believes, changes nothing in the concrete condition of man. But Sartre



FATHER LEPP

Some people find God incredible.

"must be pained to see some of the results of his cogitations" in the put-on atheism of Left Bank beatniks.

- **SPIRITUAL** The atheism that most directly challenges Christianity deserts faith in God for what it believes to be higher spiritual values. To Friedrich Nietzsche, the Christian teaching that good men would receive their reward from God in an eternity of happiness in heaven tended to destroy man's will to power, and exalted the meek and humble losers of life instead of world-conquering supermen. Albert Camus searched Christian theology in vain for the fulfillment of man's fate, found more satisfactory standards in his own tragic ponderings on human responsibility and solidarity.

Lepp believes that the Christian understanding of God and his message has been considerably purified within the last century, thanks in large measure to criticisms leveled by atheists and agnostics. Intelligent Christians know, says Lepp, that the task of purification is in-

complete, and that the essential spiritual message of Christian revelation must be untangled from its past historical and social contexts. For it is only if Christianity is made relevant to the needs of the time "that fruitful dialogue can be established between believers and unbelievers, to the mutual benefit of each, and that the historical efficacy of Christianity can be safeguarded."

PROTESTANTS

Conscience in East Germany

For 18 years, the Evangelical churches of East Germany have been forced to coexist with Communism. They have, for example, accepted the annual springtime *Jugendweihe*, a pagan parody of confirmation at which East German youths are enrolled as loyal children of the state. Now these Lutheran and Calvinist churches, to which nearly all East Germans belong, are staking out a claim to freedom with a ten-point declaration of independence approved by their bishops at a closed-door synod meeting in Weissensee, a district of East Berlin. This policy statement is being compared to the scathing Barmen declaration of 1934, which was signed by 278 clerical leaders in protest against Nazi attempts to take over the Protestant church structure.

The Barmen declaration was a blunt answer to a crude attempt at conquest. Since the East German Communists' strategy seems aimed at taming the churches rather than openly destroying them, the Weissensee declaration carefully specifies situations in which Christians must resist totalitarianism. They fail their responsibility, the Weissensee declaration points out, if they "remain silent about the sins of our times." The churches are equally unfaithful to their calling if they submit "to the absolute claim of an ideology" or agree to an atheist morality "in which man without God is made the goal of education and culture." The declaration states that the churches must be willing to share in the suffering of those "who have been deprived of their rights," and that "we act in disobedience if we remain silent when power is abused and we are not prepared to obey God more than humans."

Walter Ulbricht's government has reacted to the declaration with growing distress. Last week a deputy chairman of its state council charged that the declaration was prepared in West Berlin for "cold war purposes." But the Evangelical churches clearly intend to live by these principles. At a recent administrative session, the churchmen elected as their chairman and deputy chairman bishops who are known to favor a policy of non-cooperation with the state. In retaliation, the government formally barred leaders of the Evangelical churches in West Germany from entering East Germany, thereby severing the already frail links between the west and east branches of German Protestantism.

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MILESTONES

Died. David Ellington Snodgrass, 68, peppery dean of San Francisco's Hastings College of Law who took on the rundown school in 1940, made it a policy to hire only teachers older than 65, snagged so many sprightly deans emeriti forced out of other schools by retirement rules (that Hastings today rates as one of the country's top law schools; following heart surgery; in San Francisco.

Died. Jack ("Doc") Kearns, 80, boxing promoter behind six world champions, among them Mickey Walker, Joey Maxim, Archie Moore, but none so great—or lucrative—as Jack Dempsey, whom Kearns met in 1917, within two years brought to the championship and later used to drum up the first million-dollar gates (against "Orchid Man" Georges Carpentier, Luis Angel Firpo); after a long illness; in Miami.

Died. Harry Johnston Grant, 81, publisher of the Milwaukee Journal, one of the biggest (circ. 361,875) and most prosperous dailies, a onetime textileman who took over from Lucius Nieman in 1919 and made the Journal the chronicle of Beertown, ordering exhaustive local and national coverage, extreme independence (leading liberals to damn it as too conservative, while Wisconsin's late Senator McCarthy dubbed it "The Milwaukee edition of the Worker"), saw his paper play a major role in giving Milwaukee the Braves and one of the nation's lowest crime rates; after a long illness; in Milwaukee.

Died. Herbert Thomas Kalmus, 81, father of Technicolor, a lanky, secretive M.I.T. graduate who named his process for his alma mater, hit pay dirt with *Becky Sharp* in 1935, and ever after mined millions from his Technicolor, Inc., selling only his "services" (never cameras, which were guarded like crown jewels) until a 1950 consent decree forced him to be more accommodating; of a heart attack; in Bel Air, Calif.

Died. Harold ("Pop") Nathan, 83, holder of the FBI's No. 2 badge and J. Edgar Hoover's right-hand man during the gang-busting 1930s, a small, owl-eyed pipe-smoker who looked more like a bookkeeper than the top cop who cracked down on the Black Hand extortion ring, the Weyerhaeuser kidnappers, and the slayers of Mobster Frank Nash; after a long illness; in San Francisco.

Died. Brigadier General Frank Purdy Lahm, 85, one of the U.S. Army's earliest birdmen, a West Pointer who took lessons from Wilbur Wright and in 1909 soloed the Army's first plane, went on to train many top airmen as first commander of the Air Corps' pioneer flying school at Randolph Field, Texas—over which his ashes will be scattered from a plane; of a stroke; in Sandusky, Ohio.

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LOOK around *your* dining room table. Nearly everything you see — in fact, almost everything on the family shopping list (meat, chicken, eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, and many other items) — will be favorably affected when the "Minimum Freight Rates" bills now before Congress are passed. Why? Because many freight rates are now higher than they need be. They can — and will — be reduced when railroads have freedom to *lower* rates.

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Let's get one thing straight. The proposed legislation will not let railroads *raise* their prices one penny on anything without Interstate Commerce Commission approval. It will permit railroads to *lower* prices on agricultural products and bulk commodities such as salt, sugar, coal, grain, and many others. Lower freight costs on these important family budget items will put money in *your* pocket.

American consumers will save billions of dollars each year when the "Minimum Freight Rates" bills, as they are now written, become law. Every day of delay is costing you money. Write Congress today. Ask your Senators to vote for S. 1061. Ask your Congressman to vote for H.R. 4700. Do it *now*!

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U.S. BUSINESS



VARSOVIANING WITH DANCER ANN MILLER
For luck, an old imperial tune.

HOTELS

"By Golly!"
(See Cover)

At one point during the lavish opening of almost every new Hilton hotel, the houselights dim and spotlights pick out a lean, tall man with a shy smile on his permanently suntanned face. He escorts a pretty girl—usually a new one each time—to the center of the ballroom floor. Then, to the slow, stately strains of the violins, they point their feet, bow, turn about and sweep elegantly into an unfamiliar step. The dance is the courtly Varsovanian, brought to America from the palaces of Europe by Mexico's Emperor Maximilian; the man who puts his foot out so skillfully is Hotelman Conrad Nicholson Hilton, who calls the tune for the \$293 million Hilton Hotel chain. Hilton has adopted the obscure Varsovanian as a ceremonial dance of good luck with which to open each of his new hotels—and lately he has been dancing more frequently than ever before in his 44-year career.

In his 76th year, a full decade after most businessmen retire, Hilton is busy spotting the world with hotels wherever the U.S. tourist and businessman alight, girding the globe with new links in the longest hotel chain ever made. Already this year, Hilton has opened new hotels in Teheran, London, Athens, Rotterdam, Rome, Hong Kong, Tokyo, New York and Portland, Ore. Under construction are two new Hiltons in Paris, one at Montreal airport, and others in Brussels, Honolulu, Tel Aviv, Guadalajara, Rabat, Mayaguez, Tunis, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Worcester, Mass., and

Washington, D.C. Soon to be started are hotels in Curaçao, Cyprus, Addis Ababa, Dublin, Manila, Caracas, Barbados, St. Paul and Kuwait. Fortnight ago, Hilton added the Dorado Riviera in Puerto Rico to his empire, and last week he took over the Arawak in Jamaica.

By the end of 1964, Hilton will have just as many hotels abroad (39) as he will have in the U.S. Hilton's overseas hotels last year brought in more than a quarter of the chain's net operating profit of \$5,700,000, and Innkeeper Hilton expects that they will soon account for more than half his earnings. Not counting the many millions that foreign investors will have put into these overseas hotels, the Hilton chain by 1964 will be worth well over \$300 million. "Where does Hilton go from here?" asks Lawrence Stern, chairman of Chicago's American National Bank, a Hilton director. "To the moon!" Hilton people get to talking like that.

Two-Way Streets. This year nearly 12 million Americans—12% more than last year—will travel outside the U.S., and a surprising lot of them will want the comforts of home. Newly affluent Europeans and Japanese have also joined in the wanderlust, and the world's byways are fast becoming two-way streets. Virtually everywhere there is need for modern hotels. "Very few new hotels have been built outside North America in the past 40 years," says Conrad Hilton. "In Istanbul ours is the only first-class hotel in a city that for a thousand years was the biggest city in the world. There have been no great hotels in Paris for 40 years, and the same is true of Rome and Athens."

Spying the same opportunities, other U.S. chains are following Hilton abroad as fast as they can. The second biggest U.S. hotel chain after Hilton, Sheraton Corp., now has seven foreign hostilities: Hotel Corp. of America has five, and Knott Hotels three. But Hilton's biggest U.S. rival overseas is Intercontinental Hotels Corp., a Pan American World Airways subsidiary that has no hotels in the U.S. In the past six years, Intercontinental has added 13 hotels abroad, to bring its total to 19, expects to double that number within four years. Its hotels are generally smaller than Hilton's, however, and have yet to return an overall profit to Pan Am.

Last of Its Kind? The rush for rooms with a view abroad is a godsend for the big U.S. hotelmen, since business at home is not what it used to be. Speedy jets have made it possible for businessmen to fly into a city and out again swiftly, transacting all their business in one day. Families traveling by car have long since bypassed downtown hotels for motels and plush motor hotels. Hotel occupancy rates have shriveled from 93% in 1946 to 62%. More and more, U.S. hotels depend on convention busi-

ness—and, luckily, it is good and growing. Last year 37% of all downtown hotel business came from conventions. In medium-sized cities that no longer attract the conventioners, such as Buffalo and Hartford, hotels are having a hard time surviving.

In the Hilton chain, during this year's first quarter, domestic revenues fell 10.6% and profits by nearly a half, offsetting profits from abroad. The recently opened New York Hilton (2,153 rooms) in Rockefeller Center offers what new U.S. hotels need nowadays if they hope to succeed: free parking to compete with the motels, expensive specialty restaurants to attract the high-livers, and lots of room for conventions to meet. It may be the last of its kind. "With perhaps an exception here and there," says Conrad Hilton, "we are not going to build any more large hotels in this country, and there are no more hotels in the U.S. that I want to buy."

Wringing the Dollars. Even so, Hilton is doing better than most hoteliers in the U.S., and better than any abroad. An English author once described American tourists as people who "dare everything and risk nothing"—and nowhere do they risk less than at Hilton hotels. Whether he is in Teheran or Trinidad, the traveler can be sure that Hilton will offer him a clean bed, pleasant surroundings, plentiful ice water, and food that he can safely eat. He can also be sure that, while supplying American comforts, Hilton will wring his dollars out of him as efficiently, as economically and as unobtrusively as possible.



THE NEW YORK HILTON
Credentials for the U.N. . . .

Hiltons are assembly-line hostels with carefully metered luxuries—convenient, automatic, a bit antiseptic. Conrad Hilton's life is rooted in the belief that people are pretty much equal, and that their tastes and desires are, too. His hotels have made the world safe for middle-class travelers, who need not fear the feeling of being barely tolerated in some of the older European hotels; at a Hilton, all they need is a reservation and money.

Hilton's U.S. hotels are generally good commercial hotels, but the Hiltons abroad are luxury tourist hotels that are more like resorts than hostels. Hilton has sited on some of the finest hotel locations in the world—looking up at the Parthenon in Athens, near the Diet Building in Tokyo, overlooking the Vatican in Rome and the Queen's private garden in London, on the Nile in Cairo and above the Bosphorus in Istanbul, at the foot of the Elburz Mountains in Teheran. All of the hotels glisten and glitter, with an architecture that ranges from international slab to a cross-hatched radio-cabinet style. They lean heavily on the anonymity of modernism, and display a spartan opulence designed as much to save the hotel money as to attract the clients. In countries where there is no previous standard of hotel excellence, Hiltons are oases; in such old cities as Rome, London or Paris, they are apt to seem a little off-key and alien.

Susceptible to Flattery. As the force that created this empire, Conrad Hilton might be expected to be as calculating, as antiseptic and as glossily sophisticated as his hotels. The surprise about Hilton is that he is so much like the guests he caters to. Boyish, candid, trusting, he never fails to be amazed and pleased—even astonished—by the world around him. He cannot get over the speed of jet planes or his possession of a \$100 Texas-style Stetson, whose price he mentions to anyone who will listen. He is susceptible to even the most transparent flattery. "You know," he says, "after the Rotterdam opening, the president of the corporation that owns the hotel came up to me and said, 'Your dance was the greatest thing that happened here.' That touched me most." When something impresses him,



THE TOKYO HILTON

he often slaps his knee and exclaims: "By golly!"

Hilton refuses to comprehend bad news or business reversals ("Don't bother me about that," he says), and his top aides instinctively try to protect him from the harsh realities of the world. Says one: "For all his financial genius, he's the kind of man who can't catch a plane by himself." He is essentially a lonely man, and his closest friend is neither a businessman nor one of his four children, but his personal secretary for 21 years, Olive Wakeman, fiftyish, who acts as his chief buffer against the outside world. "I've got to protect him," she says. "He's the most naive man for his experience I've ever seen; he will not believe that anyone would tell an untruth."

Hilton has all the trappings of the very rich, but they hang indifferently about him. He has four cars, a private plane, a pro football team (San Diego Chargers) and a 61-room mansion in Bel Air, Calif., which, with Hearstian grandeur, he has named Casa Encantada. He lives there alone and, with 19 servants at his call, does nothing for himself; he will not even buy his own clothes. While his hotels like to proclaim their appeal to gourmets, Hilton is indifferent to fancy food, preferring to dine on corned beef hash, tuna-fish casserole and tea served in plastic cups ("It's more sanitary."). Though his hotels pride themselves on the original



LONDON



TEHERAN



HONG KONG



ROME

... are a Cadillac, an airline and a Hilton hotel.



works of art they hang in lobbies and guest rooms (the New York Hilton has 8,500 specially commissioned works), one of the least appreciative viewers is Conrad Hilton. "He wouldn't know a Rubens from a Ribicoff," says an aide. The décor of Casa Encantada gives the total effect of the main lounge of the *Queen Mary*.

Courtly Charm. Twice divorced, the last time after a tempestuous marriage to Zsa Zsa Gabor ("If I had waited one hour more, I never would have married Zsa Zsa," Hilton regretfully told a friend), Hilton now prefers the company of younger women—mostly airline stewardesses in their early 20s. He treats them with courtly charm, asks nothing of them except that they be attractive and pleasant companions for dinner and dancing. More often than not, he stays home alone and goes to bed after an evening of television. His favorite show is *Sing Along with Mitch*, and Hilton explains: "I don't sing along, but I sometimes do a little dance." Very conscious of his appearance, he carefully stays a trim 171 lbs., abhors fat men to the point where he does not even like to do business with them.

Hilton's ego is as big as his house. He keeps the vanity press busy printing books praising himself, and his autobiography, *Be My Guest*, is in more of his hotel rooms than the Gideon Bible. A Roman Catholic who is relieved to be back in good standing after shedding Zsa Zsa, Hilton constantly composes prayers to the Almighty and has them printed in Hilton employee publications, likes to think that "God is a gentleman." His speeches are sometimes written by a Jesuit Priest, Father Thomas Sullivan of the University of Santa Clara, and at big receptions Hilton does his best to divide his time evenly between the clergy and the pretty girls.

For a man of such feelings, it would

not be enough to extend his hotel chain merely for the sake of profit. His international expansion becomes a Hilton plan for world peace in which "people gather together in our hotels and get along with one another." "We think we are helping out in the struggle that is going on in the cold war today with world travel," says Hilton. "These hotels are examples of free enterprise that the Communists hate to see." He likes to say that "we beat Communism into the Caribbean by ten years," and one of his top financial backers, Henry Crown, adds: "We're second only to the Peace Corps."

Audacious Horse Trading. Still, there is a hard streak of practicality in Conrad Hilton. The son of a successful merchant in San Antonio, N. Mex., he put down his entire savings of \$5,000 in 1919 to buy his first hotel, the bustling Mobley in oil-rich Cisco, Texas. He managed to put together a small chain in Texas before the Depression wiped him out, bounced back with shrewd and often audacious horse trading to collect a lineup of prestigious hotels. His first major move was to acquire the high-priced Town House in Los Angeles, but he really broke into the big time in 1945 when he bought Chicago's 3,000-room Stevens (which had been occupied by the Army during the war, was later renamed the Conrad Hilton), the world's largest hotel, and Chicago's esteemed Palmer House. The deal that gave him the greatest satisfaction and made him the nation's leading hotelman came when he made the Waldorf-Astoria a Hilton hotel in 1949.

While he was rushing about adding links to his U.S. chain, Hilton's unflinching courtesy launched him almost by accident into the international hotel business. When Puerto Rico decided in 1947 that it needed a first-class hotel to help lure U.S. businessmen to set up

shop there, Teodoro Moscoso, chief of the Puerto Rico Development Corp. (and now the director of the Alliance for Progress), fired off letters to leading U.S. hotelmen inviting them to come down. Only Hilton answered promptly, with a warm, friendly letter that began by greeting the Spanish-speaking Moscoso as "*Mi estimado amigo*." After that, Hilton had no difficulty signing a partnership deal with Puerto Rico to build the Caribe Hilton, now one of the most popular and profitable hotels in his chain.

Hilton's own board of directors, composed mostly of Midwestern and Western businessmen, were appalled at the thought of moving out of the U.S. But they decided to let him have some hotels abroad as playthings; they voted him a paltry \$500,000 and set up the international division as a separate subsidiary so that its failure (which they expected) would not pull down the whole company. Working with profits from the Caribe, Hilton in the next ten years built eight more international hotels from Mexico City to Berlin. Meanwhile, in the U.S., Hilton added the ten Statler Hotels to his collection and started a little belatedly to build his chain of eight Hilton Inns to compete with motels.

Princely Aloofness. Even at his age, Hilton is very much in command of his empire and often seems to have more energy than his younger colleagues. He regularly scans reports from each hotel and reads complaints that guests send in. If he sees something amiss, a hotel manager somewhere will get a quick telephone call from Hilton. Recently Hilton launched a big drive to make Hilton employees more courteous to guests, had behind-the-scenes spots in Hilton hotels plastered with posters that asked: "Have you smiled today? It's bound to give you a life."

In keeping with his restless nature, Hilton is particularly fond of making flying visits to his chain or searching out new hotel sites. He scrambled like a mountain goat over Rome's Monte Mario to pick out just the right spot for the Cavalieri Hilton, declared with the spirit of a Medici commissioning a palace that he wanted it to be "a balcony of flowers overlooking Rome." Whenever Hilton appears at one of his hotels,

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ALCOA

the staff jumps to give him royal treatment—and sometimes stumbles. His bathtub at the New York Hilton was cracked, and at the Waldorf recently a flustered waiter forgot to serve him the ham he ordered with his eggs. In London he was delayed in a faulty elevator for 15 minutes, and in Amsterdam every spigot he turned in his room produced only boiling hot water. Yet Hilton is a gentle executive who never has a sharp rebuke for an employee's mistakes, seems almost apologetic when he points them out.

He presides over board meetings with a princely aloofness. "I, Conrad Hilton, can do anything I want to do," he declares with the assurance of a man who

Canadians fought for a French name for the Queen Elizabeth. Openings have often been ill-starred: Hong Kong's opening last month was marred by a water shortage, and the death of Pope John canceled elaborate plans for opening festivities in Rome.

Conrad Hilton so revels in lavish openings that he sometimes spends as much as \$150,000 on one. He tries valiantly to give a little speech in the native language, no matter how disastrously it turns out, loves to mingle with the celebrities and movie stars he has invited. There are other types about, too. The honored guests at the Portland, Ore., opening threw furniture into the swimming pool and made off with

covered that the \$100,000 worth of Chinese furniture and decorations in the hotel had been imported from Red China in violation of U.S. law that American citizens cannot deal with the Red Chinese; it all had to be replaced with substitutes. In London the automatic-elevator doors closed so fast, the telephones worked so sporadically and the Muzak system sometimes shrieked so loudly that Hilton had to dispatch experts from the U.S. to straighten things out. The air-conditioning failed in one of the New York Hilton's kitchens, driving the heat up so high that it set off the fire sprinklers and drenched the chef and the food. Someone discovered that the automatic billing system liked to drop decimals after one guest was charged \$3,850 for a telephone call.

No Brash Intruder. Most cities around the world are delighted to have a Hilton, and scores vie for them. A Hilton is a boon to the tourist business, since many Americans (who make up about 50% of all Hilton's guests) will go more readily to a city where they can find a modern hotel with a reassuringly familiar name. Egypt's take from tourism increased \$12 million a year after Hilton moved in; Turkey gained \$2.5 million in foreign exchange. A Hilton usually forces other hotels in the area to improve their standards (their celebrated old-fashioned personal service sometimes gets a little inattentive). In such cities as Istanbul, Cairo and Amsterdam, the Hilton has become a social center for politicians, businessmen and local society. "Now a country's reputation is made with Cadillacs, an airline and a Hilton hotel," says one Hilton executive. "That's the credential to get into the United Nations."

For all their modernity, Hilton hotels try to strike a local note in each country; regional themes and regional materials are used (often quite tastefully), and local architects and artisans are employed whenever possible. Hilton also likes to put regional foods on his menus (his chefs in Teheran dug deep into history books, say his flacks, to come up with marinated filets apadana prepared just the way Xerxes ate them in 470 B.C.). But this has to be done sparingly: the U.S. guests do not want anything too outlandish, and many of the locals think it more sophisticated to eat European cuisine. "Far from being the brash intruder," wrote Nigel Buxton in Britain's *Spectator*, "Hilton is probably more concerned than any other international hotel operator to suit his projects to the local scene."

Still, Hiltons are not always appreciated, being regarded not only as hotels but as a cultural transplant from America. The local "atmosphere" sometimes misfires. Spaniards laughed the peasant-garbed waiters at Madrid's Castellana Hilton right back into tie and tails, and Hilton had to change the name of the Opium Den bar in his Hong Kong hotel after the Chinese took offense (it is now simply The Den). The popular BBC



DRAGON BOAT BAR IN HONG KONG'S "THE DEN"
Sometimes the local touch misfires.

owns or controls 30% of the company's stock and a clear majority of its *esprit*. Actually, Hilton has had to wear down objections from his board to some of the biggest steps the company has taken, including the purchase of the Waldorf and the takeover of the Statlers. Hilton listens to the board's advice and usually gives in gracefully to strong opposition to his schemes. But when he thinks he is right, he is hard to turn aside. "Behind that pleasant exterior is a hard business mind," says Donald Gordon, president of the Canadian National Railways, which owns the Hilton-operated Queen Elizabeth hotel in Montreal. "He is not belligerent, but he is tenacious."

Into the Pool. Hilton management needs tenacity to face the problems and frustrations of running a worldwide hotel chain. Long before their foundations were laid, most of Hilton's hotels abroad became centers of controversy, sometimes discreetly abetted by rivals. The Communists on Rome's city council battled Hilton for 24 years before he got a permit; Londoners objected to the Hilton's height and its proximity to Buckingham Palace; Montreal's French

the portrait of Hilton that hangs in every Hilton lobby. At the New York opening, some wayward members of the press took their whisky by the bottle instead of the drink, someone painted a swastika on a Dong Kingman mural and the overzealous door guards tried to keep out Mayor Wagner. In Rotterdam all the lights went out while most of the guests were dressing for the party.

Drenched Chefs. Once the hotels open, the bugs that develop during the shakedown period can reach plague proportions. Except for the top supervisory people, Hilton overseas hires locals almost exclusively. In Cairo it broke tradition by hiring women to wait on table. The girls were reluctant at first and flatly refused to wear frilly aprons because they are a symbol of service. Now the jobs are coveted not so much for the higher pay as for the chance to meet eligible men. In Athens a maid who was warned to be thorough in her cleaning dismantled a guest's electric razor so completely that it could not be put back together again.

The Hong Kong Hilton was nearing its opening date when authorities dis-



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Behind the big question.

television satire show. *That Was the Week That Was*, opened fire at Hilton with a mock Bible lesson: "Brethren, in the beginning there was darkness upon the face of the earth and there was no iccd water. Then Hilton said: 'Let the earth bring forth Hiltons yielding fruit after their kind.' And it came to pass that Hiltons covered the face of the earth and there was a great flood of iccd water, and the darkness was greater than it was in the beginning."

Rigid Watch. Along with iccd water, Hilton has introduced some handsome profits to the natives. Puerto Rico, for example, has racked in \$18 million from its share of the Caribe Hilton. The usual Hilton arrangement is for local capital—either private or government—to supply the land, the building and the furnishings; Hilton puts up the operating capital and runs the hotel. Two-thirds of the gross operating profit goes to the hotel's owners, one third to Hilton. This method enables Hilton to extend his chain rapidly without putting himself deeply into debt. He gives his local managers autonomy to adjust to local conditions and to set rates (which vary from \$14 a night in London for a single to \$5.75 in Berlin). The proof of the system's success is that every one of the Hilton hotels abroad that has gone through its initial shakedown period is earning money.

The very spread of the chain helps to pull in the guests: Hilton operates a globe-circling reservation system of 126 sales offices, which produce 25% of his room business. Each hotel keeps a rigid watch on costs and sends daily reports to Hilton headquarters, which knows within 24 hours whether a banquet in Cairo or Hong Kong made money. To tighten costs, two teams of executives surveyed 15 Hilton hotels in the U.S. last year, came up with findings that will save the chain nearly \$2 million. All this has helped to bring the Hilton chain's labor bill down to 40% of its revenue, v. 45% for most transient hotels.

Cheaper Bourbon. The secret of good innkeeping is to save money without letting the guests realize that any scrimping is going on—and Hilton is a past master at the art. Hilton has found that grass-cloth wall covering eliminates repainting and keeps looking new after years of service, now imports large quantities of it from Hong Kong for his hotels. The wall-to-wall plush carpets on the floors of Hilton hotels actually

save money because they make it unnecessary to finish the floor underneath, and the use of Urethane instead of foam rubber in mattresses is cheaper and the sleeping just as good.

Hilton's hotel rooms are growing larger (minimum: 11 ft. by 14 ft.) and hallways, which bring in no money, narrower. Most Hilton lobbies are kept purposely small and bars large so that loitering guests may kill time at a maximum profit to the management. Automation is used wherever possible. TV, in place of watchmen, guards exits from some Hilton hotels to prevent pilferage (objects in rooms are made purposely unwieldy for the same reason), and silverware is often cleaned ultrasonically. Behind the scenes at the New York Hilton a computer billing system hums quietly, eliminating paperwork by taking every charge directly from cash registers all over the hotel and adding them to each guest's bill.

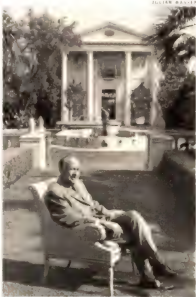
In the dining rooms a battery of Hilton tasters has effected a saving with the discovery—so they say—that Manhattans are much better when made with the cheapest bourbon and that Icelandic lobster is better and cheaper than jumbo shrimp in many seafood dishes. Each of the five restaurants in the New York Hilton has a culinary theme—Spanish,

French, Old New Orleans, etc.—but all the food is cooked in one mammoth kitchen. Hilton also saves money by purchasing its turkeys only once a year and freezing them, by having its French fries blanched with oil before they leave Idaho and by reducing the number of items on menus to just the most popular. Hilton serves 35,000 meals a day in its foreign hotels alone.

Only the Nice. To make such an enormously complicated, 24-hour a day business work, Hilton has surrounded himself with a team of crack operating people. In terms of authority, the No. 2 man in the Hilton chain is astute and ambitious Robert J. Caverly, 44, who watches over all operations. General Manager Curt Strand, 42, is the boss of the international division. Chicago Financier Henry Crown, who is worth \$500 million himself and has interests in everything from General Dynamics to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, has been a close Hilton associate ever since he joined him in buying the Palmer House, is Hilton Hotel's second biggest stockholder, with 10%.

The big question in the Hilton chain is who will take Hilton's place once he steps down. The betting is that it will not be any of his sons (all of whom are by his first marriage; he and Zsa Zsa have a daughter, Francesca, 16). His eldest son, Nickie, 37, has settled down after his playboy days as Elizabeth Taylor's first husband, is now a hard-working vice president in charge of Hilton Inns; but Nick, in the eyes of many, lacks the ambition and imagination to succeed his father. Barron Hilton, 35,—also a vice president—has his father's flair for deals, but the board blames him for losing money running the Carte Blanche credit card venture. Another son, Eric, has worked his way up through the ranks to become resident manager of Houston's Shamrock Hilton, but is only 30. Many are betting on fast-rising Bob Caverly, but there is also talk that Hilton might go outside the company to tap someone like able Howard Johnson the younger, who runs his father's coast-to-coast-franchise restaurant and motel business. Merger talks between the two companies, however, were broken off—at least for the time being—a fortnight ago.

The one person who holds the answer is Conrad Hilton—and he is bored by the subject. "You see," says Olive Wake-man, "Mr. Hilton won't face things that aren't nice." An eternal optimist, Hilton considers everything about himself and his way of life indestructible and unchanging—unless he changes it. Resting up one fine afternoon recently before a globe-girdling trip, he sat on the terrace of his enchanted house in Bel Air, a fistful of peanuts in his hand. Loudly he whistled again and again for a half-domesticated bluejay named Chairman of the Board. The bird flew away many months ago, but Conrad Hilton still refuses to give up hope that one day it will return.



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WORLD BUSINESS

WESTERN EUROPE

An Arsenal of Its Own

Since World War II, Western Europe has been generally content to regard the U.S. as "the arsenal of defense," concentrating on its own efforts on producing the stream of consumer goods that brought about its unparalleled post-war prosperity. Now, for reasons of pride, politics and profit, the Continent is gradually developing its own defense industry. Though modest compared with the huge \$53.7 billion U.S. defense budget, the European arms industry is already big enough to be taken seriously, particularly at a moment when Europe is feeling the slows in other economic areas.

Billions for Defense. The four major NATO nations in Western Europe—Britain, France, Italy and West Germany—have increased their defence spending an average 45% since 1959 to \$15 billion this year. Despite the trend in Britain to lean more and more on the U.S. for its major defense protection, its defense budget this year is \$5.2 billion, or about 7% of its gross national product (v. almost 10% for the U.S.). President de Gaulle, with his longing to have his own independent *force de frappe*, has set France's 1963 defense spending at \$3.7 billion, or 5.1% of its G.N.P. Italy will spend \$1.3 billion, West Germany \$4.7 billion; even neutralist Sweden has hiked its 1963 defense budget to \$675 million. Thousands of European firms, from such giants as Italy's Fiat and France's Sud Aviation to makers of uniforms and rifles, are getting interested in defense work.

Because European businesses are so closemouthed about themselves, they do not publicly scrap for defense contracts. Most industries live more from civilian orders than from guns, but there are signs that some are beginning to count on government arms spending. The West German government's announcement last week that it will spend \$800 million on speedy, new German-built tanks and tank destroyers will raise the amount of German industry dependent on defense contracts to 4%: already the German aircraft industry, which employs 32,000 people, is 90% dependent on government spending.

Into Orbit. Since Western Europe already has a labor shortage, it does not need arms-making to make jobs. The real advantage of defense contracts is the research sophistication that may pay off in commercial products. Out of its military experience, France leads the world in the development of STOL (for short take-off and landing) transport planes. Sweden's plane-and-automaking Saab is now turning out compact computers for the commercial market, having learned to make them for its jet fighters. Most European countries have so far found the commercial side-effect disappointing. Britain, despairing of competing in sophisticated weaponry, has decided to concentrate its technology on commercial aspects and its army on more conventional weapons.

Western European nations have also banded together into two multinational space agencies to build a three-stage rocket and undertake space probes. The Europeans are not interested in putting a man—or even a mouse—on the moon, but they are considering putting into orbit their own worldwide satellite communications system by 1968.

THE NETHERLANDS

Suited for Expansion

The workman's friend in Europe is Amsterdam-based C. & A. Brenninkmeyer Co., whose 100 stores from Wales to West Germany outfit the whole family in middlebrow fashions at lowbrow prices. The Brenninkmeyer family itself believes in tight budgets and tight lips, regarding secrecy as its greatest strength and publicity as comfort to the competition. But competitors know that "C. & A." has annual sales of some \$700 million, its own private-label factories, countless real estate holdings—and one burning ambition: to break into the U.S. retail market in grand style.

Manhattan Transfer. Last week the Brenninkmeyers were well on their way to gaining control of the cash-and-carry Ohrbach's chain ("A business in millions, a profit in pennies"), which has sales of some \$75 million from five

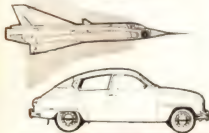


OHRBACH'S AD
One for the Lord.

low-markup clothing "supermarkets" in Manhattan, Newark, Long Island and greater Los Angeles. The Brenninkmeyers bought an interest of roughly 47% in the chain last year, have an agreement to buy the remaining shares from Founder and Chairman Nathan Ohrbach when he decides to retire; Ohrbach is vigorous and determined to stay on, but he is also 77. Fortnight ago, in a portent of things to come, Elmar Brenninkmeyer, 39, took over as president of the U.S. chain, replacing Nathan Ohrbach's son Jerome, whose big stock holdings in other companies (Polaroid, American Hardware) seem to interest him more than retailing.

Divided loyalty has never been a problem for the Brenninkmeyers. More than 100 family members occupy almost all the command posts in the company, which was started 122 years ago by Clemens and August Brenninkmeyer, German farmer's sons who opened a fabrics shop in the Dutch town of Sneek and whose descendants later pioneered in ready-to-wear. By tradition, young Brenninkmeyer men are sent around to the company's foreign stores to learn every facet of the operation. While there are no outside directors, the story in Amsterdam is that the Roman Catholic Brenninkmeyers always leave one chair open at management meetings "for our dear Lord."

European Formula. The Brenninkmeyers have adhered to formula, grown by manufacturing simple clothes and selling them off the rack (for as little as \$2.50 a dress) with a minimum of frills. Conservatism has helped them in Europe but not in two previous attempts to enter the U.S. One C. & A. store on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue failed in the 1950s, and a second store in Brooklyn was hardly a moneymaker. With Ohrbach's, the Brenninkmeyers hope to acquire the retailing flair of a U.S. company that has made a name for itself by imaginative advertising and artful merchandising of low-budget high-style Paris copies. Eventually, the Brenninkmeyers hope to expand across the U.S.

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new tricks!**

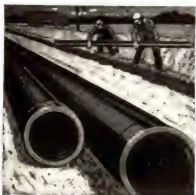
He's one of National Electric Coil's experts who specializes in redesigning and rebuilding heavy-duty motors and generators. The generator shown above has outlived its usefulness. He's converting it into a synchronous motor so it may continue

to serve for another purpose.

This is a typical assignment for this man. For an old machine, an outmoded motor, a well-worn generator, represent challenges to him. Chances are he can save them from the scrap heap and add to their

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Fleeced

Jason and the Argonauts. The reflecting surface of the fish pond in Zeus's palace on Mount Olympus is a sort of giant-screen TV that brings in news shows from all over the Aegean. Zeus and Hera, who are just folks, watch it so much that they must surely have to keep a six-pack of nectar and a frozen anisotis dinner close at hand. But instead of astronauts they see Argonauts—a bearded body builder named Jason (Todd Armstrong) and his adventure-prone shipmates aboard the *Argo*.

The Argonauts get into all sorts of telegenic scrapes. In one episode, the *Argo* is sailing through a maritime falling-rock zone, with boulders crashing into the sea from viselike cliffs. Hera, watching the show live, sends Triton from the bottom of the sea to hold the rocks apart so the *Argo* can sail past. Jason sails on to get the Golden Fleece. He needs this gelt pelt in order to claim the throne of Thessaly, but it is watched over by the Hydra, as disgusting a monster as ever writhed and roared on the screen. Hydra has more heads than a totem pole, but brave Jason whacks it dead and snags the Fleece (which looks like a Beverly Hills bath mat).

Jason's producers have mixed myths to suit their script: Hydra killing was Hercules' specialty, not Jason's. And they have dreamed up monsters Jason never saw, including a steam-powered King Kong, built of bronze, with a drain plug in its heel. The straight story of Jason's exploits, told with magic and imagination and a minimum of studio trickery, might have been delightful. This version is more bull than Bullfinch.



ZEUS & HERA
A fish pond for TV.

Slummox

This Sporting Life. In the past five years the Angry Generation of British moviemakers has whacked off several vivid slices of working-class life (*Room at the Top*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *A Taste of Honey*). Sooner or later it was bound to cut off a hunk of baloney, and this is it.

Adapted by David Storey from his novel of the same name, *Life* describes the tragedy of a man who was made with a huge body and a tiny soul. The man is a mill-town tough (Richard Harris) who becomes a professional rugby player. Big and strong and cunning, he soon becomes a star, and as a star he has everything a body could want: money, women, fame. But his soul is in torment because it cannot have the love of the woman he lives with (Rachel Roberts). He gives her expensive dinners and expensive furs. She doesn't really want them. What she wants is the love of another human being, and this he cannot give her—at best, he can give her the emotions of a beast. At the climax of their frustration, she dies of a brain hemorrhage and he batters himself to a bloody pulp on the football pitch.

The story makes more sense on paper than it does on film. Like a mirror smashed to splinters, the plot fractures into flashbacks, and the spectator spends half his time putting the pieces together. He spends the rest of the show trying to understand the principal characters. The hero is supposed to be a big stupid brute, but Actor Harris portrays him as a big sensitive brute. So of course the spectator can't understand why the heroine can't love him. She seems unreasonable and unmotivated, and before long the whole picture seems unreasonable and unmotivated.

Nevertheless, *Life* has energy and it has Harris, an Irish actor who at 29 is being touted as Britain's Brando. He does solicit the comparison, but happily he also displays two striking qualities of his own: a crude but considerable sense of gesture and violent vitality. He also has the careless Irish charm. At a rich man's party, the big slummox grabs a bottle of beer and then, grand as a lord, leans over and uses the nearest Bentley for a bottle opener.

The Getaway

The Great Escape. "We have put all our rotten eggs in one basket," says the commandant of Stalag Luft North to the senior officer of a newly arrived group of Allied officer prisoners, "and we intend to watch that basket very carefully. With your cooperation, we may all sit out the war very comfortably." But every man in the maximum-security camp knows it is an officer's duty to escape and harass the enemy. *The Great Escape*, based on Paul Brickhill's first-hand account, tells in al-



RICHARD HARRIS
A Bentley for a bottle opener.

most hypnotic detail how a mixed bag of P.W.s work together to pull off one of the most ingenious and highhearted capers in military history.

In their efforts to assemble all their riskiest cases for safekeeping, the Germans had unwittingly hand-picked a team of escape artists. The infectious combination of earnest British perfidy and unscrupulous Yankee brashness lets the Nazis realize that something is going on under their noses, but with all the rowdy hubba-hubba that fills the compound, they do not guess that it is going on under their feet as well. Platoons of men are down in the dark earth burrowing a tunnel toward the surrounding forest. Brains of the operation is Big X (Richard Attenborough), a leader of past breakouts in other camps; among his staff specialists are the Forger (Donald Pleasence) and the Scrounger (James Garner). Steve McQueen plays an American fly boy with a car-hop grin who pesters guards and tests their watchfulness.

Every plotter does his part. To hide the sound of a tunnel being chipped through the concrete floor of a bunkhouse washroom, the clink of the pick is synchronized with the banging of the hammer innocently driving a horse-shoe-pitching stake outside. Wardrobes of German clothes are run up from blankets and uniforms dyed in coffee or ink; whole wallets full of identity papers are forged; money, emergency rations, maps are scrounged. The tunnel is a marvel of Swiss Family Robinson ingenuity, with electric lights, a little subway running on wooden tracks, a bellows-operated ventilation system. And as the first of the 76 escapees starts through the tunnel, the thongs of suspense are only beginning to tighten.

The use of color photography is unnecessary and jarring, but little else is wrong with this film. With accurate casting, a swift screenplay, and authentic German settings, Producer-Director John Sturges has created classic cinema of action. There is no sermonizing, no soul probing, no sex. *The Great Escape* is simply great escapism.

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BOOKS

The Waterspouts of God

THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE by William James. 626 pages. University. \$10.

"One evening there fell upon me without warning a horrible fear of my own existence. There arose in my mind the image of an epileptic patient whom I had seen in the asylum, a black-haired youth with greenish skin, looking absolutely non-human. *That shape am I*. I felt, potentially. Nothing that I possess can defend me against that fate if the hour for it should strike for me as it struck for him. I became a mass of quivering fear. I remember wondering how other people could live, how I myself had ever lived, so unconscious of that pit of insecurity beneath the surface of life."

So Philosopher William James recalled the worst crisis in his life—a terrible depression in his late 20s that nearly drove him to suicide. Eventually James recovered by deciding that he must have "the will to believe" in a higher good even though he had no proof of it. Though he remained an agnostic because he felt that no religion had a corner on the truth, he became passionately interested in the religious experience itself—on the ground that the experience of religious conversion was a vital one for the human being. James ransacked history and searched among his contemporaries for examples; ultimately he collected these individual histories in a massive volume, first published in 1902, that has become a classic of American literature: *The Varieties of Religious Experience*.

Help! Help! Reissued now in a volume that includes all of James's subsequent musings on religion, *The Varieties* reads like a steady stream of confessions. "I am almost appalled at the amount of emotionality in it," James admits in his concluding chapter. In copious detail, James records the soul-searchings of religious figures like Luther and St. Theresa and Bunyan, and of not so obviously religious ones like Tolstoy and Walt Whitman and Carlyle. No type of religious experience, however humble or bizarre, is excluded; James treats them all with tender indulgence. The majestic agonies of Augustine are followed by the fussy gropings of an alcoholic. The founder of the Quakers, George Fox, has a vision of blood flowing through the streets of Lichfield (where Diocletian slaughtered 1,000 Christians), and strides barefoot through the city, crying: "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield!" The doughty little evangelist Billy Bray hears the Lord speaking to him. "Worship me with clean lips," the Lord thunders. In ecstasy, Billy stomps on his favorite pipe, muttering solemnly: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."



WILLIAM JAMES
Majestic agonies.

The Varieties seems to mix the ridiculous with the sublime. But that is exactly James's point: all religious experiences are equally valid. It is the experience that counts, not the quality of the discovered belief.

The basis of religion, James argues in his commentary on religious seers, is the anguished cry of "Help! Help!" Not the "healthy-minded," but the "sick souls" of the world are the founders of religion; those who have a "pathological melancholy" and turn in their despair to a higher power for help—to God or to nature or to an "ideal essence." Once converted, they "attain an altogether new level of spiritual vitality, a relatively heroic level in which impossible things have become possible and new energies and endurances are shown."

Vicious Creeds. James does not bother to choose among the various creeds he catalogues because he considers them all unprovable. "Instinct

leads," he writes. "Intelligence does but follow." The act of conversion is, in fact, a complete surrender of human reason: "The will to assert ourselves and hold our own has been displaced by a willingness to close our mouths and be as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God. The time for tension in the soul is over, and that of happy relaxation, of calm deep breathing, of an eternal present with no discordant future to be anxious about, has arrived."

James relaxed too much. In making little allowance for the fact that people can also be converted to vicious creeds, he acquired admirers he would have deplored. Mussolini, for instance, hailed James as a preceptor who had showed him that "an action should be judged by its result rather than by its doctrinary basis."

James, who taught philosophy at Harvard for most of his career, had no intention of giving comfort to latter-day totalitarians. He was simply impatient with his fellow academicians and their endless hairsplitting over matters that had no relation to life. A vibrant, generous person, he hoped to show that religious emotions, even those of the deranged, were crucial to human life. The great virtue of *The Varieties*, noted Pragmatist Philosopher Charles Peirce, is its "penetration into the hearts of people." Its great weakness, retorted George Santayana, is its "tendency to disintegrate the idea of truth, to recommend belief without reason and to encourage superstition."

The Liar

SPECTACULAR ROGUE: GASTON B MEANS by Edwin P. Hoyt. 352 pages. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.95.

Baron Munchausen was a grand character, but he was a fiction. Gaston Bullock Means, however, was for real. When he died at 59 in 1938, he was justifiably reckoned to be just about the most preposterous liar and swindler ever to smile at a sucker. In *Spectacular Rogue*, Author-Journalist Edwin Hoyt examines that certain smile with more journalistic competence than stylistic flair. Still, Gaston Means himself would be pleased.

The son of a North Carolina lawyer, Means's career in rascality was well under way at the age of ten, when he used to go around cavedropping on prospective jurors for his father. In 1914, he talked himself into a job working for the famed William J. Burns private detective agency. Gaston loved detecting. And when Burns was hired to head the Justice Department's investigative bureau, Means snagged a job as investigator. This was the Prohibition era and the days when the Harding Administration was brewing up the notorious Teapot Dome scandal. Means was all over the place: he hauled in huge profits selling liquor permits (ostensibly for medicinal and other restricted purposes), and became a topflight influence ped-



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dlar. He wrote a book about President Harding in which he "revealed" that Mrs. Harding herself had murdered her husband with poison. He was tossed out of the Government, eventually nailed on charges of attempted bribery and violating the Prohibition laws, and locked up for more than three years.

The Great Act. It was after he got out of jail that Means staged the greatest act of his career. In 1932, the Lindbergh-baby kidnaping sent the nation reeling with shock. The fat, dimpled charlatan got in touch with Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean,* owner of the famed Hope diamond and estranged wife of the Washington Post publisher. She was a friend of the Lindberghs, and of course would be overjoyed if she could help find the baby. Just leave it to me, said Smiling Gaston. All he needed to turn the trick was \$104,000 (\$100,000 for the kidnapers, \$4,000 for expenses). But this would be a highly secret caper, he warned. He gave Mrs. McLean a code name, "11." He would be "27." A U.S. naval officer and a Roman Catholic priest, whom Means brought into the plans, got numbers "9" and "7."

No. 11 found it all just too exhilarating. It was a compliment to his vast powers of persuasion that Mrs. McLean and the others never took into account his reputation; he could soften any skeptic merely by producing freshly embroidered lies with which he smothered older embroidered lies.

The Fox. After Mrs. McLean gave him the money, Means kept her supplied with startling bulletins. The kidnapers, he reported, were suspicious of Mrs. McLean and would not deliver the baby at the appointed time. He sent her to South Carolina, where an accomplice turned up, identified himself as "The Fox," and proceeded to scare the daylights out of her with threats of violence. Next he sent her—and a nurse she hired—to El Paso; the baby, explained Means, was being held in Mexico, and he himself had actually seen the child. But in El Paso, Means told her that the kidnapers now wanted an additional \$35,000. When she tried to hock some of her jewels, her friends became suspicious and warned her that she was being taken.

At last Mrs. McLean demanded her money back. Gaston's feelings were hurt. Well, if that was the way she felt, she could have it; the money was buried way back home in North Carolina. When Mrs. McLean again demanded her money, Means feigned surprise. Why, he said, he was bringing the money back a few nights earlier when he was stopped by the kidnapers. They had whispered "11," and so, concluding that they must be from Mrs. Mc-

* Rich women were his favorite targets. He once ran through \$500,000 while acting as "business manager" for a widow, then took her out for target practice and later convinced a jury that the righthanded woman shot herself (dead) behind the left ear.

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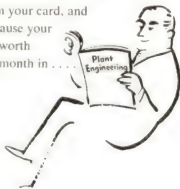
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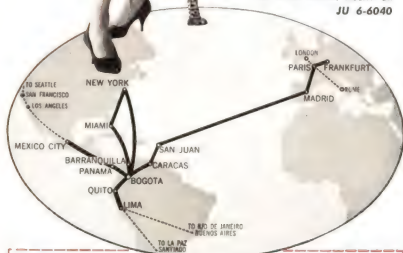


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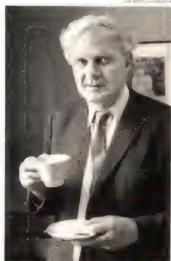
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Lean, he had given them the money.

A few weeks later, Gaston Bullock Means was in the clink, courtesy of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the new Federal Bureau of Investigation. There were two trials, both of which Means faced with outrageously executed lies, told with dimpled smile and heartfelt simplicity. When he left the stand, he turned to FBI Chief Hoover and said: "How did you like that story?" Replied Hoover: "In all my life I have never heard a wilder yarn." "Well," said Means with a grin, "it was a good story just the same, wasn't it?"

It wasn't good enough. Means was convicted in June 1932 and sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. Six years later, he died of a heart attack. Ever the con artist, Means had tried one last gambit from behind bars. He issued a statement confessing that it was he who had kidnaped the Lindbergh baby. Alas, it was one lie that nobody believed. Means could not justify his own end.



STEPHEN SPENDER
Shrinking imagination.

Feathers in the Canyon

THE STRUGGLE OF THE MODERN by Stephen Spender. 266 pages. University of California. \$5.

In the words of Wordsworth, Milton had a "voice whose sound was like the sea." So, in their own way, did Wordsworth or Pope or Walt Whitman. But today the roar of the sea has subsided to a whisper; poets are so soft-spoken that they are often not noticed. Stephen Spender, a poet who is a bit becalmed himself, offers some provocative reasons for the sea change in modern poetry.

Poetry fell on difficult days at the end of the last century, writes Spender. It grew obscure as the world grew obscure. Science presented a picture of a universe in flux; nothing solid seemed left for metaphor. The traditional poetic symbols—house, horse, church, state—had been undermined. As was their



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duty, the poets reflected their time's unease—and exaggerated it. Yeats' last poems, Eliot's *Waste Land*, Joyce's *Ulysses* portray a world of chaos.

When life, in spite of wars, went on pretty much as before, poets had to retreat from their "apocalyptic" position. Their aims became more modest, their poetry more subdued, coherent, and less exciting. Moreover, poets could only go so far out. There is no end to avant-gardism in music and the plastic arts, because there are an infinite number of materials for shape and sound. But poetry is stuck with old materials: words. They can only be stretched so far; Pound, Eliot and Joyce stretched them to the breaking point. Thus Stravinsky and Picasso continue to dazzle the world with their innovations, while Eliot has retreated from the experiments of *The Waste Land* to the more conventional language of the verse plays.

But modern poetry, writes Spender, have become too modest. In the face of the great impersonal, inhuman forces at loose in the world, there has been too much "shrinking of the imagination." The typical modern poet, says Spender, "launching his slim volume of verse, is like a person dropping a feather over the edge of the Grand Canyon and then waiting for the echo." If values are missing or in decay today, it is the poet's traditional task to help re-create them. He must not take shelter in his private world, but attempt to "personalize" in his work the outside world he often fears. Like the poets of old, he must write with the "same mixture of hope and despair in the face of history."

Unerring Eye

PORTRAIT OF MYSELF by Margaret Bourke-White 383 pages: Simon & Schuster \$5.95

She barnstormed the great plains in a primitive two-seater plane to photograph the Dust Bowl. She hitchhiked by rowboat to get pictures of the Louisville flood. As the only foreign press photographer in Russia when Hitler attacked, she dodged wardens and bombers to shoot the nightly air raids on Moscow. Her ship was torpedoed out from under her in the invasion of Africa; she was among the first correspondents to photograph Buchenwald; she was the last to interview Gandhi, hours before his assassination. Thus Margaret Bourke-White followed the classic dictum of her trade, to be "in the right place at the right time." Now 57, she has put the places and the times together with some of her fine pictures in an autobiography.

Unquestionably the finest woman photographer of her time, she explored the chill patterned beauty of industrial processes for *FORTUNE* magazine, contributed to *LIFE* memorable picture essays on guerrilla warfare in Korea and the tragedy and triumph of India's bloody partition. In the '50s she faced a more personal ordeal when she found



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that Parkinson's disease was relentlessly robbing her of muscular control. She slowed the progress of her malady with hours of exercises each day for years; the disease has at last been brought under control by brain surgery.

Unfortunately, in telling of her crowded life, she skims from high spot to high spot with bone-jarring haste and mind-numbing cheerfulness ("Lucky me, to have had this rewarding experience . . ."). But anyone looking at the pictures will recognize that though she may fumble self-consciously with words, her eye is unerring.

Watered Whine

MOBILE by Michel Butor. 319 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$6.

As it has with many another traveler before him, being a tourist brought out the worst in Michel Butor. A gifted disciple of French antinovelist Alain Robbe-Grillet (TIME, July 20, 1962), Butor is notable because he uses a different technique with every book and turns out intense and interesting fiction just the same. But in recounting his recent six-month tour of the U.S.—and in switching from novels to what might loosely be called nonfiction—Butor has produced a whopping-bad nonbook. It presents America in a nightmarish jumble of road signs, city names, ornithological notes and grim historical oddments all strung together in a style that at its best suggests E. E. Cummings and John Dos Passos at their worst:

The planes leaving for Tokyo . . .

The ships sailing for Liverpool.

*The garbage floating in the water
The Empire State Building: 1,860
steps to the 102nd floor . . .*

DIXON, WYOMING, Far West

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What?

nothing

The slender pejorative burden of Butor's book is contained in interwoven excerpts from a terrifying Salem witch trial, historical notes on the ill-treatment of American Indians, liberal quotes from the prospectus of Freedomland, U.S.A., and offerings from the views of various Southerners (real and imagined) on the Negro. Among them is one from that conscientious democrat Thomas Jefferson, who concluded, ". . . their inferiority is not the effect, merely, of their condition of life."

Butor's crime is not his adverse opinion of the U.S. It is that he has done what no honest Frenchman should do—watered his whine. *Mobile* outrageously pads about 20 pages of real reporting and social commentary into a 319-page, \$6 book.


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